

Ciceronis Amor,

TULLIES LOVE:

Wherein is discoursed, the prime of CICE-
ROES youth, setting out in lively Portraictures, how
young Gentlemen, that ayme at Honor, should leuell the end
of their affections, holding the loue of Countrey and
*Friends in the esteeme, then those fading blossoms
of beautie, that onely feeds the curious
suruey of the eye.*

A worke full of pleasure, as following CI-
CEROES veine, who was so conceited in his youth,
*as graue in his Age, profitable; as contayning
precepts worthy so famous an
ORATOR.*

By ROBERT GREENE, In artibus Magister.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.



LONDON,

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sold at his Shop in St. Dunstons Church-yard,
vnder the Pyall. 1616.





TO THE RIGHT

Honourable, F E R D I N A N D O

STANLEY, *Lord Strange, ennobled with*
all Titles that Honour may affoord, or Ver

tue challenge, Robert Greene wisbeth

increase of vertuous and

Lordly resolutions.

TH E *Tripes* (right Honourable) ingrauen
with *deus sapienti*, was by the Oracle
allotted to *Socrates*; *Achilles* shield main-
tained with the sword, fell to *Vlisses* for
his wisdom; *Pallas* had her Library, &
her Launce: and such as read *Non ultra* on *Hercules*
Pillars, pointed out the characters with their Speares.
Proportion the mother of Geometry, and Mistris of
Arts, commands that *Hector* haue his honours, *Alcides*
his glories, and that *Olympus* be neuer without bright
glittering Armour, nor greene-wreathed Garlands, as
well to grace the Souldier, as to glory the Poet.

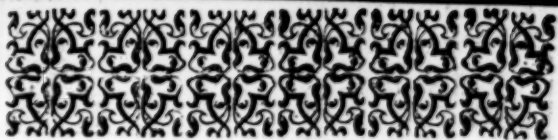
This considered (right Honourable) hauing done
my endeouour to pen downe the loues of *Cicero*, which
Plutarch, and *Cornelius Nepos* forgot in their writings:
I presumed to present vnto your Honour, not high
written Poems, as *Maro* did to *Augustus*; but the fruits
of well intended thoughts, as *Callymachus* Scholer did
to *Alexander*, thinking nothing rare or view worthy,
sufficiently patronaged, vnlesse shrowded vnder the

The Epistle, &c.

protection of so honourable a *Mecenas*. Whatsoever was pleaded in *Rostris*, was not penned by *Hortensius*, and yet the Senators heard and gave plausible censures. *Homer* spent verses, as well on *Irus* the begger, as *Eurymachus* the wooer. Every sentence cannot *Cleantes* *lucernam olere*, and yet men will read Poems, and praise them. Then (right Honourable) if my worke, treating of *Cicero*, seeme not fit for *Cicero*, as eclipsing the beauteous shew of his eloquence, with a harsh & vnpolished stile, yet I craue that your Honour will vouch of it, only for that it is written of *Cicero*. *Ennius* laboured as hard in his rough Poesies, as *Virgil* in his high Poems. *Phidias* penfill (in his owne conceit) was as pointed, as *Pigmalions* chafing tooles: meane wits, in their follies; haue equall paines with learned Clarkes in their fancies. *Apollo* yielded Oracles, as well to poore men for their Prayers, as to Princes for their presents. Starres haue their lights, and haire their shadowes. Meane Scholers haue high thoughts, though low fortunes. Thus perswaded and emboldned (right Honourable) I present this Pamphlet of *Ciceros* Loues to your Lordship, resolved vpon your courteous acceptance, that weighing the mind; not the matter, your Honour will say, if not *Bucephalus*, yet a horse. And in this hope resting, I wish to your Lordship, as much health and happinesse, as your Honour can desire, or I imagine.

Your Lordships humble deuoted,

ROBERT GREENE.



To the gentle Readers
health.

Gentlemen, I haue written of TVLLIES LOVE, a worke attempted to winne your fauours, but to discouer mine owne ignorance, in that, coueting to counterfeit TVLLIES phrase, I haue lost my selfe in vnproper words: but hoping (as euer I haue done) of your curtesies, I haue, like bold Bayard, put my head out of the stable. If my method be worse then it was wont to be, thinke that skill in Musicke mard all: For the cleiue was so dissonant from my note, that we could not clap a concord together by fiue markes. Chiron the Sagittary was but a fayned conceit, and men that beare great shapes, and large shaddowes, and haue no good, nor honest mindes, are like the portraiture of Hercules, drawne vpon the sands. If I speake mystically, thinke'tis musically; and so desiring that you will take TVLLIES LOVE, as penned for your pleasure, I bid you fare-well.

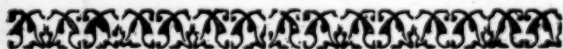
ROBERT GREENE.



Ad Lectorem Hexasticon.

IN lucem prodit tenebris exuta malignis
 Romulei petulans vāsanaq; flammula Phæbi:
 Rorantem Authori (Lectores) spargite florem,
 Intyba, Narcissos, Latacen, pīctiq; Roseti
 Dulces diuitias: Illum concingite lauru:
 Emerito solers industria reddat honorem.

THO. WATSON. OXON.



Ad Lectorem de C I C E R O N I S amore,
 Hexasticon.

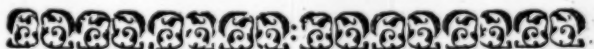
Miraris fortasse legens Ciceronis amorem?
 Desine mirari, qui bene scribit, amat.
 Crimen inesse putas? semel insaniuimus omnes:
 Quæ faciunt iuuenes, condoluere senes.
 Linguam qui laudat Ciceronis, laudet amorem:
 Greni solus honor, sit Ciceronis amor.

G. B. Cantabrigienſis.
George Buck



V *Arro* and *Tucca* wrote of *Maroes* verse,
 And *Dares* dar'd to tell of *Homers* skill,
 Of *Onids* workes, *Latines* haue made rehearse,
 And Poets haue discourst of *Pindars* quill.
 Many haue writ *Cosmographie* of lands,
 And told of *Gihon* and of *Tagus* sands :
 Of *Helens* beautie, and of *Ledaes* hiew,
 The winged fancies of the learn'd haue told :
 But of the proudest Poets old or new,
 Who dar'd sweet *T V L L I E S* fancies once vnfold?
 As far too high for all that yet haue beene :
 Then giue the *Palme* and *Glory* vnto *GREENE*.

Thomas Burneby Esquire.



Now bloomes and blossoms of faire *Adons* flowre,
Cupid is stolne from *Pathos* secret shrine,
Diana lurkes, shee and her *Nymphs* doe lowre :
Bacchus that tempers sacred *Loue* with wine,
Ceres, and all the Gods haue made agree,
 That *Loue* is God, and there is none but hee.
 The Poems wanton *Ouid* set in verse :
 His Art of *Loue* that banisht him from *Rome*,
 Did neuer such quaint *Amorets* rehearse,
 As are descyphered vnder *T V L L I E S* doome;
 Whose *Romane* phrase fetcht from *Parnassus* hill,
 Sayes, None but *T V L L Y* in the depth of skill.

Edward Rainsford Esquire.

THE [illegible] OF [illegible]

BY [illegible]

IN [illegible]

AND [illegible]

OF [illegible]

THE [illegible]

OF [illegible]

THE [illegible]

THE [illegible]

TULLIES

LOVE.

There dwelled in the Citie of Rome, being Metropolitane of the World, famous aswel for martiall Champions, as delicate for beautifull Ladies, a Consul called Flaminus, made glorious by Fortune, as hauing twice rode in the triumphing Chariot, and woone the Latzell wreath, giuen as a Palme to such as haue been happie for many great Victories. This Consul famous in the Common-wealth for his martiall exploits, Fortune, whose conceit recks in extremes, eyther too prodigall in her fauours, or preiudiciall in her frownes, to make this man the miracle of her Deity, lent him one onely Daughter, of such excellent exquisite perfection, as Nature in her seemed to wonder at her owne workes. Her haire was like the shine of Apollo, when shaking his glorious tresses hee makes the World beauteous with his brightnesse. The Iuorie of her face ouerdasht with a Vermillion dye, seemed like the blush that leapt from Endimions cheekes, when Cynthia courts him on the Hills of Lamos. So did the proportion of her bodie answere to the perfection of her minde, and the honour of her thoughts so fitted to the glozy of her fauours, as it rested doubtful whether her outward beauties, or inuward vertues held the Supremacie. In so much, that as men flocke to Delphos, to heare the Oracles of Apollo, so diuers resort to Rome to take view of the excellencie of Terentia: who once delighted with the sight of her grace, set downe this as an Ariome, that Pallas the Patronesse of Troy for wisdom, or Venus the wonder of Heauen for beauty, might not disgrace the dignities of this gorgeous Damsell. Rome swelling with

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Tullies Loue.

the pride of this matchlesse Virgin, whole thoughts were more humble then her face beautiful: and yet the Painters of that time feared to attempt her portraiture, as finding y^e perfection of nature to exceed the proportion of Art, made her the Mistress of their Vessels, as one that counted fancie as unfit for a maid, as Alexander spawrdize for a souldier. Cupid sitting on his mothers knee by the fount of Alcydalion, seeing how Terēsis, enemy to his amorous philosophy, set loue at so light esteeme, & for a charme against his Magickal enchantments, carried the euer-burning fire of Vesta in her brest, clasping his mother wantonly about the neck, he began thus to prattle. Sweet mother, we haue left the places of our accustomed residence, to annoy the troups of such sutors, as onely end their loues with their liues, and haue stolne to the secret fount here a while, to be solitary, to weare away the time with some conceited chat, I pray you tell me whereof are womens hearts made: I aske the question, mother, for that I find the distinction of their fancies like the difference of their faces, which as they bee distinguished in proportion, so they be altogether unlike in properties. Venus, hearing her Sonne make such a wagging demand, began thus to reply. Some say, my boy, of the liner of a Camelion, whose nature is to bee changeable in hues, and womē as variable in their thoughts. Others of a pyrit stone, which handled softly is as cold as yce, but pressed betwene the fingers, burneth like fire: they which vnder this comparison, say that women brook not fauourable persuasions, nor may be wonne by intreaties, but the ready way to kindle them with desire, is to crosse them with Disdaine. Some say their hearts are of Marble, which being hard, yet drops teares against euery stone: Some of wax, that is soft, admitting euery impression: those women haue their loues in their looks, which taken in with a gaze, is thrust out with a winke: some of Adamant, they be hard-hearted, and yet men say, the Lapidaries haue tooles to pierce the: others of gold, and they be like Danaë, that will admit no loue but such as Iupiter. To be briefe, my boy so many fancies, so many fictions, euery one censuring of womens harts, as
his

Tullies Lowe.

his owne experience hath found her froward oꝝ fauorable. Cupid, hearing his mother discourse thus cunningly, demanded amongst all these, whereof was Terentias heart of Rome formed. At this, Venus fetching a deepe sigh, prosecuted her former premises thus. Well wagge, for all you play the wanton, hast thou insight so far into thine enemies thoughts, that thou hast quoted in thy tables, the resolution of Terentia, whom men count more beautiful then my self, and more chaste then Diana? her heart, my boy, is framed of the purest diamond, which, as it is hard to entertaine loue, so it is cleane, fit for the receit of Vertue: I tell thee, Cupid, Terentia makes desire her dudge, and disdain her Champion: Shee honours all the gods but thee, and admits all recreations but loue: & she may finish her age with content of patience. The prime of her yeres are graue, that the fruits of her time may be gracious, and she strives to be as full of honour in her life, as full of fauours in her looks. To conclude, my boy, she is Terentia, who seeks with labours to auoide loues, and indeuours to be called as vertuous, as other Ladies amozous. Thus, Venus ended with a frown, and Cupid began with a smile, shee scoꝝning at her honors, he studying on reuenge, after a litle, payse the cholerick boy burst forth into these termes: And shall Terentia offer perfume to Vesta, and Hemlock to Venus? shall she (mother) strew Dianacs lawnes with Roses, and pour palaces with nettles: shall she set Desire in rags, and Disdaine in silkes? No, Cupid hath his bolts feathered with the wings of swallows that flye swift, and his arrowes headed with strong tempered Steele, that pierce deepe, like to Achilles lance, that did wound and heale: my shafts (mother) are of sundry Metals, the strongest of them will I aime at Terentia, and if my fortune faile me not, I will change her songs to sighes, and her chaste Prayers to amozous passions. And with that, leaping from his mothers lap, he bent his bow, shot an Arrow, and hit Terentia on the heart, but it was of such pꝛofe, as the bolt rebounded, and brake into a thousand shiners. At this, Cupid scoꝝned, seeing his deitie countercheekt with such constant chastitie: and Venus smiled, see-

Tullies Loue.

ing her sonne in such a rage: which so increased his choler, that he discharged all his arrowes at randoms, carelesse of his aime, so he might any way reuenge. Amongst the rest, young Lenculus a Roman Cavalier, vnder whose conduct the Consul sent many Legions to make warre against the Parthians, was one of those vnfortunate men that Cupid had bzuised with his arrowes. For hauing fought a set battail, and bought the victoꝝ with great losse, fresh supplies were sent him from Rome. Lenculus welcomming his new come soldiers, demanded what newes: after they had made report of the state of the Common-wealth, they then, as a thing miraculous and supernaturall, discoursed to him the excellency of Terentia, setting out her glories with such emphaticall descriptions, that Lenculus leaning his head on his hand; became a willing auditoꝝ to such pleasant Philosophy. Smiling thus in the ouer-sweete potions that Loue had tempted like Circes to bewitch the wary and warlike Vlicses, he caused his souldiers with often repetitions of Terentias beauty, to graft it in the sinewes of his new entertained fancies. In the day his head was troubled with thoughts of Terentia: in the night conceit presented the visions of Terentia. Where befoꝝe hee laid plots how to circumuent the Parthians, now he deuised how to cope his passions: loue wist him to make light esteeme of war, but growing to be carelesse, he gaue his enemies occasion of encouragement. Being thus perplexed with vniacquainted fits, he beganne thus souldier-like to debate with himselfe: Haue not the ancient Romans, whose statues and trophies haue filled the world with wonder of their chualry, aimed y end of their honoꝝ to consist in arms: haue not they fetcht same frō the heauens with their swords, and bound her to their fortunes with circumscriptions of blood: haue not their lances pierst oblivion to the heart, & their martiall deedes registred their names in the Chronicles of memory: and yet Lenculus, dost thou make light esteeme of war, whose very frowns are honour, and whose fauours immortall glories? Blush at thy thoughts that are so base, and wepe with Cæsar, that thou hast not done wonders with Alexander. Thou art elected
by

Tullies Loue.

by the Consuls, as a choise man of Rome, as high prized for thy valour, as thy parentage, & yet thy mother was of the great Eniliij. Thou art sent against the Parthians, a Nation warlike & resolute, either to challenge thy graue with thy sword, or carue out their tombs with the Courtle-axe. Darest thou then, Læculus, amidst those glorious thoughts of a souldier, admit the least passion of a loue: Shall thy policies, too little for the Parthians, be imployed in purchasing Terentia? No, Lentulus, draw thy Falchion, brandish it against Rome, and if Loue looke but ouer the walls, menace her with thy martiall weapons: and yet Lentulus, be not so stoical, as to reiect such a mighty deity. Hane not the Romans erected a temple nere vnto Campus Martius? Are not Knights dubbed, to defend Ladies? Make they not their Helmes proud with their Minstrels fauours? Mars hath his amours, as he hath his armours. Alexander glozied in his Lones, as he triumphed in his Victories. Great Pompey hath his Iulia, Cæsar his paramour, Souldiers haue loued, & so will I. Hauing thus discoursed with himselfe, his hope of his loue, draue such an invincible courage into his mind that he passed not many daies without giuing batrel to the Parthians, in which, getting a glorious victory, he sent great treasure, and many captiues home to Rome, with great intercession to the Senate, that he might not winter from his owne Country. The Consuls glad to fauor him with any reasonable grant, sent Lepidus to take his place, & recalled Lentulus home to the city. The fame of whose high intended thoughts, his conquest enlarg'd with infinite treasures and rich captiues, made Rome to ring with echoes of his matchlesse excellency: insomuch, that passing through the streets to the Capitoll, there to be inuessed with the honors due to his victories, multitudes of Romans were placed on scaffolds, to take view of so brave & hardy a captaine; and the gorgeous windows of the city were staffed with troops of beautiful ladies, tickled with an earnest desire to satisfie their sights with his personage. Passing thus in pomp, Iulius Cæsar then being Dictator, after the solemne rites and magnificent triumphs were ended, bade him home to dine.

Tullies Loue.

ner, where hee feasted him with such royaltie, as might be-
seeme the greatnes of the day, and the highnes of his owne
thoughts. Thus flew the same of Lentulus through Rome,
as the wonder of his time, but all those triumphant digni-
ties could not extirpate the melancholy of this Romans
thoughts, inserted into his mind by the fond inchauntment
of loue: but as the wounded Deere wringeth forth teares, &
the Spittle pierced, yeth both gum, so Lentulus after his deepe
impression of loue, could affoord nought but sighes and sor-
rowes. The gemme of Terentias excellency reflected in his
minde like an object in a Crystal mirrour, that amidst his
most serious affaires, he found the passions of Loue to bee
intermedled. Fortune that had tied her fauours in the top
of his Crest, half perswaded to become constant to this war-
like Champion, seeing Cupid wrong him without cause,
thought with a soueraigne antidote, to prevent the further
ensuing preiudices of fancy. Forcing therfore Opportunity
to daunce attendance vpon this her darling, it fell out, that
Flaminius, the father of Terentia, seeing how Lentulus was
generally feasted of all the Senators in Rome, thought a-
mongst the rest, to welcome home the warrior with a ban-
ket: and therfore meeting him at one Titus Annius Miloes
house, hee solemnly invited him home to dinner. Lentulus,
as full of curtesie as courage, after great thanks, promised
to be his guest. Whereupon Flaminius passing home, made
prouision: & Lentulus stealing to his lodging, being solita-
ry, conceiued such inward ioy at this sweet opportunity, that
leaning vpon his left hand, smiling to himselfe, he breathed
out these words: Such, I see well, as Mars honours with fa-
uours, Venus will not crosse with frowns: those that conquer
in Warres, shall not perish in Loues. Cupid fauours his fa-
thers followers, and such as fortune smiles on in battel, she
laughs on in fancies: I coueted to beare charge against the
Parthians, & the Senate elected me Lord of their Legions:
Desire wisht me to haue a sight of Terentia, and her father
entertaines me for a guest. I made conquest of mine ene-
mies with the sword, and why may I not win Loue with
my loyalty? Feare not, Lentulus, these concluded compari-
sons

Tullies Loue.

sons are prodigious, be Augure then to thy selfe, and calculate thy good fortunes by thy thoughts: Loues and Warres cratie courage. Feare not, man, for thy intreaties are as mighty, as her denials can be contrary. As thus he was debating within himselfe, the clocke told him it was time to go to visite his Host, so that he made himself as sumptuous as might be, and at the parting from his chamber dore, he said thus: If Venus (quoth he) thou fauour me in my loues, I will become thy bowed seruant in my life: I wil strew thy Altars with Roses, and set thee shjnes at Paphos: I will bind vp my temples with Myrtle boughes, & for the martiall garland weare a wreath of flowers: I wil haue dounes nests in my palaces, & what belongs to thee shall be some of my delight. onely grace me with the fauour of Terentia. Ending this his vow, he passed forward with his traine towards the house of Flaminius, where being arrived, the grane Senators entertained him with such magnificence, as Lentulus perceined his welcom by his honoꝝs. The boꝝd conered, and the company ready to sit, Lentulus was placed chiefe at the table, who all this while, hauing not sight of Terentia, saie as a man nipped on the head, although there were at the table, to grace the feast, many bzane & beautifull damfels. Sitting thus in a dump, he was cheered up by all the company: but at last, to set him in his iollity, Terentia was commanded by her father, to bring him in a cup of Greekish wine. She that little cared to be seen in open banquets as holding it contrary to the rites of Vesta, durst not yet but with all diligence signifie her obedience. Therfore attired in a rich robe of white, spotted with stars of gold, tempꝝing the porphyry of her face with a vermillion blush, looking like Diana when she baskt at Adreons pꝛesence, she came into the hall, where humbly saluting al the company, she deliuered y wine to her father. Lentulus seeing same had but blemisht her fauors, in being to partial of her praises, sat so amazed at the vntuous excellency of Terentia, as did the Centaur enamored of Iuno. His eie made suruey of her beauties, who positing the ouer to the contꝛelation of his thoughts so set on fire his hart with her perfections, as his stomacke

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Tullies Love.

that by her office, to give his eyes leave to wonder at the curious conceits of natures cunning: his looks began to sparkle love, as did those of Adon, when he pyed upon the face of his paramour: the change of his color betwixt his new entertained passions: which noted by Terentia, halfe angry at lones folly, she discovered her colour with such a blush, as Lentulus letting fall his knife upon his trencher, said aloud, Non fortuna, Non Bellum, meaning that neither the highest state of Fortune, nor the satall event of warre, could conquer that hart that her bent hath made subiect. Terentia at this unexpected exclamation abashed, and the rest of the company marvelled: but Flaminus willing to move some table talk, demāded of Lentulus what he ment by this sudden emblem. Lentulus willing to make flight at the sowle, and yet not to have a bell at his heele, answered thus: Whilēt I lay in legar intrenching the Parthians, more hardy with legions of men, then with desperate countermeures, my souldiers discovered a castle, which once won, displacing the strength of the country, seeing the Romans had made me vicegerent of their forces, although the place seemed impregnable, being as well defended by nature, situate upon a mount, as by prowess stored with men and munition; yet prizing honor more deere then blood, and countries profit beyond the content of life, I bent certaine legions against the castle, and following the opinion of Quintus Fabius Maximus, sought by delay to drive them to composition. For it was said of him,

*Vnus homo nobis cunctando restituit rem,
Non ponebat enim rumores ante salutem.
Ergo postq, magisq, viri nunc gloria claret.*

Seeking so to get conquest by famine, which would have been prejudiciall with the sword, at last, seeing their forces greatly weakned, I gave assault, and entred, putting the souldiers to the sword, yet willing to save the Lord of the castle, for that his valor discovered his thoughts, searching him out, I found him in his bed-chamber, his wife slaine,
and

Tullies Lone.

and the blade yet barnished with blood grasped in his fist, staring me in the face with a gaskly looke, that stood amazed at the stratagem, hee spake thus: Romane, report in the Senate house, that where you excel vs in policie, we exceed you in resolution: this Lady which thou seest here weltring in her goze, is my wife; and for she brookes not second fancies, shee craved to end her loue with her life: I married her a Virgin & honorable, she dyed a wife and honest, as famous in Parthia for her vertues, as your Romane Dames for their bzueries. Wee liued without iarres, for that the desire of the one was the content of the other, constancy banished ielousie, and true loue held suspicion at the lances point. Our fortunes (Romane) thou hast pulke downe with thy prowesse, warre hath made wack of our safeties; but for our lones, this sword shall linke them together by death, so that non fortuna, non bellum. And with that the resolute Soldier stabbed himselfe. Astonied at this peremptory massacre, although all stained with the blood of the Parthians: yet I could not but grieve at the passion of the man, & enter into consideration what that loue should be, that wrought in mens minds such resolute effects: so well liking of his determinate death, that I bowed in my thought, if euer I obtained the fauour of some gracious Damsell, to write blood with the Parthian, Non fortuna, non bellum. The remembrance (honorable Senators) of this Tragedy made me to shew my selfe so passionate. Lentulus having ended his discourse, the Senators generally praised the resolution of the Parthian, and the Ladies the constancy of his wife, all concluding, that no impression could bee so deeply inserted into the heart, as loue. Terentia, spying the flame by the smoke, smiled to see how covertly Lentulus had cloked his thoughts, and how, in bowing to be constant, he discovered his conceit, so that turning her backe, she went into her Closet, and there blamed Venus, that had wrapt so brave a Champion in her subtleties: not feeling, either the personage, or perfections of Lentulus, to stirre the stayed continency of her mind. Well, the Senators, not willing to let this fall to the ground, talking still of the Parthian,

Tullies Loue.

and amongst the rest of those honourable guests that were there seated, Archias the Poet, a man of a pleasant disposition, tooke the tale by the end, and beganne to prosecute it thus.

Grave Senators, I remember I haue heard Hortensius the great Orator say, that in times past, the Consuls for recreation, would vse light and honest pastimes, especially mirth at meate, as the fittest minifter for digestion, alledging Scipio and Gracchus, who coneted to bee as iocund at their banquetts, as they were serious in matters of estate. Seeing then (Reuerent Fathers) Lentulus hath entred into the discourse of loue, producing the Parthian, who amongst his other singularities, boasted, that his fante had neuer bene stained with iealousie, a plague that is greatly now a dayes predominant in Rome, might it please you to fauour vs with your gracious consent, wee would intreate Lentulus to discourse to vs, his opinion of iealousie. The Senators granted, and Terentia being come to giue attendance on her father, smiled. Lentulus casting his eyes vpon his loue, seeing a dimple in her cheek, which was to him *Cos amoris*, made Archias this present answer.

Had the Thebans appointed Zetus to haue discoursed on Musick, or they of Thessaly, Monalcas, to haue described the Court: The principles of the one had bene as void of Art, as the precepts of the other farre from honour: The one being an enemy to Musick, the other a Swaine, and a shepheard. So (reuerend Senators, and honorable Ladies of Rome) Archias, how skilfull soeuer in Poetry, yet hath failed in his policy, to request him to discourse of iealousie that neuer as yet offered incense at the Altar of loue. If it had bene, to make description of a battell, to haue discoursed the order of the phalanx, or any point of martiall discipline, then could I, as a souldier, haue dilated such principles, as warlike Captaines register in the field with their sword. But of loue, whose amorous deitie agreeth not with drum and trumpet, or of Iealousie, as the shadow of Fancie. It sitteth mee as little to discourse, as the shoemaker of Apelles posture. But if euer Venus shall vouch me that fauour,

Tullies Loue.

sanour, to grace me with a special look from my *Spis*is excellency, and that mine eie bee allowed, as Paris was, to iudge of beauties; Archias shall command mee as a friend. In the meane time; for Poets and Painters ought to haue their conceits feathered with Mercuries plumes; I will desire Archias to supply my ignozance, and to describe the effects of iealousie. The Senators, and the rest of the Company, hearing how cunningly *Leatulus* retorted the argument vpon Archias, with a resolute consent, they inioyned Archias to play *h* *Orator*, who being pleasantly disposed, began thus: The wolues in Syria that bark against the *Sporn*, suffer small rest, and great hunger. Arrows shot against the stars, pierce downeward: and the Syrens that sought to intrap *Vlysses*, perisht themselves: so Gentlemen, I sought to make experience of *Leatulus* eloquence, and For: tunc hath allotted me to discouer mine owne ignozance; but lest I might bee counted, either too *Stoicall*, or too full of selfe-conceit: for iealousie thus.

Archias discourse of Iealousie.

Such as haue searched into the deepest Aphorismes of *Anaxicon*, or pyed into the principles that *Ouid* set down in his *Volumes*, find loue to bee such a pure passion of the mind, as, like the *Chrysell*, it admitteth no bryse, without a cracke it groweth from the vnion of two minds, receiued by the special liking of some excellent good, consisting in exterior beautie, or interior vertues, or *h* combining of them both in one soule, & singular perfection. This choice of excellency confirmed by election, once imprinted in the heart, is so precious as the pearles of *Cleopatra*. The fleece of *Colchos*, the sands of *Tagus* are trash, if brought into compare with this diuine and metaphysicall passion: man hauing swilled in this nectar of Loue, is so chary that he not onely brooketh no corruial of his thoughts, but admitteth no partaker of his fanoys, and from this feare proceedeth that snary which men call iealousie, being secret suspicion, that others should enioy that excellencie that hee hath chosen sole

Tullies Loue.

and singular to himselfe. This (noble Romans) is that fiend that Pluto sent to cheeke Cupid in his deitie: this springing from Hell, bringeth worse torments to the mind then the Stone of Syphis, vulture of Tinius, or wheele of Ixion. This is the canker that fretteth the quiet of the thoughts, the moth that secretly consumeth the life of man, and the poyson specially opposed against the perfection of loue: after the heart is once infected with iealousie, the sleepes are broken: the dreames disquiet slumbers: the thoughts, cares & sorowes: the life, woe and misery: that liuing, he dies: and dying, prolongs out his life in passions worse then death. None looketh on his loue, but suspition sayes, this is he that conets to be coyriall of my fauours: None knocks at his doze, but starting vp, he thinks them messengers of fancie; none talks, but they whisper of affection: if she frowne, she hates him, and loues others; if she smile, it is because she hath had successe in her loues: loke she frowardly on any man, she dissembles: if she fauors him with a gracious eye, then as a man straught with frensie, he crieth out, that neither fire in the draw, nor loue in womens looks can bee concealed; thus doth he liue restless, and maketh loue, that of it selfe is sweet, to be in taste as bitter as gall.

This discovers (reuerent Senators) that loue being of it selfe, a most excellent passion, is onely blemisht by this foule & disgraced stain of iealousie, as hatefull and hurtfull to the minde, as a Cockatrice to the eye, or Hemlocke to the taste. The purest Chysolite hath his strakes, the flowers in Sydon, as they are precious to the sight, so they are pestilent in saueur: Loue as it is diuine with loyalty, so it is hellish with iealousie: wherefoze by an ancient Poet were written these verses.

When gods had fram'd the sweet of womens face,
And lockt mens lookes within their golden haire:
That *Phaebus* blush'd to see their matchlesse grace,
And heauenly gods on earth did make repaire:

To quippe faire *Venus* ouerweening pride,
Loues happie thoughts to iealousie were tide.

Tallies Lone.

Then grew a wrinkle on faire *Venus* brow,
The amber, sweet of loue; is turn'd to gall:
Gloomy was heauen: bright *Phœbus* did avow,
He could be coy, and would not loue at all:

Swearing, no greater mischief could be wrought,
Then loue vnited to a iealous thought.

Had not Iuno been iealous ouer Iupiter, Io had not bene turned into a Heifer: if suspicion had not pickt Menelaus, Helena had not stolne away with Paris. Procris had bene allee, had she not suspected Cephalus. When, worthy Romanes, we see what a prejudiciall monster groweth from the fearefull excesse of loue, that hoztneeth not only the life, disquieteth the mind, but oft is the cause of most strange and vnnaturall massacres. If fortune frowne in loue, wee flie to patience: If there happen iars, why, louers bzailes are introductions to delight. If pouerty, why, they hope vpon time, thinking that there is *Vicissitudo omnium rerum*, the lowest ebbe may haue his flow, and the deadebest neape his full tide: if griefes, sorrowes, repulses, unkindnesse, these be but *Amminim ira*, And therefore *Amoris redintegratio*: but as the pumice-stone scæth the paper from spots, and the fire consumeth flaxe: so this infernall plague of iealousie, roteth and raceth all true loue from the heart, that yelding my censure, I conclude with this Poeme.

*Vita qua tandem magis est incunda,
Vel viris doctis magis expetenda,
Mente quàm pura sociam iugalem.
Semper amare?*

*Vita qua tandem magis est dolenda,
Vel magis amictis fugienda, quàm qua
(Falsò suspecta probitare amica)
Tollit amorem?*

Tullies Loue.

*Nulla eam tollit medicina pestem,
Murmura, emplastrum vel imago sage,
Astra nec curant, Magica nec artes,
Zelotypiam.*

Archias hauing thus ended his discourse, the Senators greatly praised his description of iealousie, & from that fell to other pleasant talks as occasion offered. Til dinner being done, they arose, & after many thanks & curtesies, according to the custome of the Romans, Flaminius, to honoꝝ Lentulus the more, taking him by the hand, carried him into a garden, where Terencia sate accompanied with other Virgins of Rome: Namely Flauia, Cornelia, and Iulia, all of such exquisite features, as they seemed to be the choice Paragons of that time. Lentulus, amazed at this gorgeous sight, wondered not onely at their beauties, but marvelled why Flaminius brought him so friendly into their presence. At last, the olde man burst forth into these wordes: Lord Lentulus, I measure the thoughts of yong Gentlemen, by the prime of my forspassed youth, not being so Cynicall, as with Chremes in Terence, to proportion young affections; by the cinders of old age, but to thinke with Menedemus, that the spring hath flowres and blossomes, whereas Winter hath dried branches, and fallow leaues. We old men, ouer whom Saturnus is predominant, hauing infused melancholy in our mindes, couet, either to sit solitary, or that our talke be serious: you that are yong, whose thoughts aime at delights, seeke to passe the time in pleasant discourses. Lest therefore the time might be tedious, I haue brought you amongst these faire Ladies, that you may make experience of loues, as you haue done of warres: Mars no sooner puts off his helmet, but he salutes Venus: and you come from conquest of the Parthians, for how you can enter combat with passions: and so, Lord Lentulus, I leaue you.

Lentulus, seeing himselfe thus inuironed with these miracles of beauty, casting his eyes vpon the goddess, whose fauorable aspect might be the summe of his fortune, bashed at the first, as Paris did in the vale of Ida, and stood as the
foes

Tullies Loue.

foes of Perſeus when he vncased the head of Meduſa, and turned them to marble pictures : ſo amazed ſtood Lentulus at the ſight of ſuch diuine excellencie, till the Ladies ſeing this ſpence thus in a quandarie, began to ſmile, which reſiuing a kind of amorous choler in the ſouldiers mind, he began thus to play the Champion.

Ladies, beleue me, Loue is of moze ſorce then warres, and the lookes of women pierce deeper then ſtroke of launces: there is no curtley ſo keene, but armour of high prouſe can withſtand: but beauties arrowes are ſo ſharpe, and the Darts that ſlye from womens eyes, ſo piercing, as the Coſſe let tempered by Vulcan, ſo Diodores Paramoz, holds not out the violence of their ſtroke. The gods tremble when Mars ſhaketh his Lauce, but he feareth when Venus caſteth a frowne. Alexander neuer tooke notice of the Legions of his enemies, but hee ſtood frighted at the beantie of the Amazon. Then, ſweet ſaints of Rome, marvel not if I were diſtuen into a maze at the ſight of ſuch beauteous creatures, whoſe faces are Venus weaþs, wherewith ſhe checketh the pride of ouer-daring Warriours: I cannot (Ladies) court it as your Romane yongſters, that tye their wits to their fancies: nor fill your eares with amorous diſcourſes, as Cupids Appzntices, that ſpend their time in ſuch louing philoſophy: Nor can I ſaine conceited ſuppoſes of affection, to proue my ſelfe loue-ſicke by Poetry. But as a blunt ſouldier new-come from the warres, I offer my ſelfe a deuout ſeruant to your beauties, ſwearing to defend your Honours againſt all men with the hazard of my blood, and in patron thereof generally to you all, but eſpecially to one (as loue hath his vnitie) I deſire to be entertained as a dutifull ſeruant to the Lady Terentia. Lentulus hauing thus boldly worded theſe lovely Virgins, the Ladies ſeing with what affection he offered his ſervice to Terentia, began to bite the lip, & ſhe to bluſh, who ſeing her ſelfe toucht to the quicke, made him this anſwere.

I know not (Lord Lentulus) how to anſwere of loue, becauſe as yet I neuer knew loue: ignorant of his forces, becauſe neuer acquainted with his fortunes. Veſta ſo bids vs

Virgins:

Tullies Loue.

Virgines to name Venus, as they of Ephesus hatefull Erectas. Diana deales not in Paphos, nor suffers the any of her Maydens to hunt on Erecynus: lest meeting with Venus meecoaks, they slip with Calisto, and so seake after losse. If he lesse you are priuate to lones passions, the moze welcome to our pzenence: for rather had we fill our eares with warres fortunes, then with lones follies: & swæter are the feares that grow from a constant stratagem, then a smile from a Comick tale of fancie. For your service (Lord Lentulus) finding my selfe unworthy, I craue pardon: For can we by Vestaes charter admit such seruants. But if it please you to bee accepted as a worthy Romane, and my fathers friend, looke for such fauour as mine honoz and virginitis can afford.

Lentulus, hearing the plausible answer of Terentia, although her first insinuation seemed to answer for her purpose, as preferring the Lawes of Diana, & fires of Vesta, before lones holy Temples, yet she concluded so sweetly as might stand with the modestie of her honour: he therefore made thus his reply.

In that, Madame, we are both nouices in loue, & simpler are our thoughts, and the nêrer should be the sympathy of our affections. Doves match when they are yong. Spens are grafted when they are sprigs, the one part not, but by death, nor are the other severed but they perish. Souldiers are like virgins, the one striving to liue vertuous, the other die valiant: both enemies to loue, while they wait on those which liue not loue, I meane, warre and Vesta: but both must loue, as hauing hearts, and thoughts, eies to see beauty, & eares to iudge of vertues. I Madame, while I thought none greater then Mars, was vowed to Mars, but seeing womens wits are worse then weapons, that their looks pierce deeper then lances, I haue resigned ouer my fortunes at the shjins of war, and mean to make pzoofe of the swætnes of loue: glad that in my first entrance I haue the patronage of your gracious fauour, armed with the which, Mars wel may frowne, but not conquer. But sir, quoth Terentia, I granted my fauour to Lentulus the souldier, not to

Lentulus

Tullies Loue.

Lentulus the lover. And so Madame, quoth he, accept of it: for I am a Souldier to doe you honoꝝ, and a lover despite of my selfe. Flavia, hearing Lentulus, began to reason prettily to the purpose, being a Lady of passing merrie disposition, whose wit was as full of wiles, as her face of favour, second in the excellencie of beautie to the Ladie Terentia, thought to list her Souldier in this manner.

I see well, Lord Lentulus, that as women haue their fauours, so men haue their sayings: the one prodigall in graces, the other politike in deceits, being as cunning to dissemble loue, as we chary to discharge lone. Wee, Romane Ladies, thought to haue found you a flat Souldier, as ignorant in loues, as we of fancies: but how closely soeuer you couer the flame, the fire will be knowne by the smoke: for your talke so fauours of Loues principles, as we iudge, you are as cunning in faining a passion, as in figuring a battel, and can as soone deceiue a woman with a penne, as slaughter an enemy with a Lannce. This will make vs to take you for a day-friend, & what we like in you present, to disallow to morrow, swearing if you bring amongst vs Venus roses, we will beat you with Vestaes nettles: and therefore if you will be admitted as our Souldier, wee eytter forbid you the name of loue, or else you shall be out of our fauours. Cornelia willing to breake a iest with the Champion, thwarted Flavia thus. And what of that, Madame, hath not warre taught him patience? hee hath past sharper brunts then womens frownes. But now, your lenell is without aime; If Madame Terentia smile, his penny is good siluer, tis her fauor, that is, the loadstarre of his fortunes: and how can we enter into her thoughts but by coniectures: shee full of beautie, and he a proper yong Gentleman. At this scrump the Ladyes smiled, and Terentia blisht for anger. But Lentulus, seeing such a broad iest pind on his shoulder, willing to make answere for his Mistris, although he was sore put to his trumps, as halfe set at a Non plus, yet hee followed his fortunes thus.

Andeed, Ladies, think I haue patience to beare womens rumps, that hath encountred an enemies blow; but if I
D could

Tullies Loue.

could as well answer the one, as quit the other, you should neither carry it to hell, nor to heauen. But to reuenge my selfe as well as I can, thus. First, Madame, to cleere my cunning in loue, I referre my selfe to the verdict of your owne conscience: who, were you but as favourable as you are frownsy, would some censure by my talke. how deepe I am read in loues principles: but women speake by contraries, crying like the lapwing farthest from their nests, & so I take it being cheekt for ouermuch loue, when you see I am a nouice in loue. Or perhaps, Madam Flauia, you would haue mee loue: if it bee so, I will become moze studious to satisfie your wish: but you calling mee a day-friend, that peremptory punishment were passing sharpe, for one fault to shake mee out of seruite, were it not, that for so deepe a wound the Lady Cornelia bringeth in a lenitive playster, alleadging my securitie if I bee armed with Terentias fauour. Blame mee not, sweet goddesse, if I ayme at the fairest: Souldiers haue eyes to iudge of beantie, though they haue not weapons to winne beantie, and eares to deeme of perfectione, though they want tongues to discouer passions. The harmony of loue, I haue heard them say, consists in vnities, and nothing moze prejudiciall to fancie then plurality, either of thoughts or of persons. Among many then, am I charged, but to like of one Mistresse: If I make choice of Terentia, and shee vouch to grace mee with her fauour, Cornelia concludes truely, that armed with the imagination of her beantie, I thinke my selfe able to broke your scrumps, and to withstand the hardy resolution of Mars.

I maruell then, quoth Flauia, halfe in choler (if womens beantie be like Delphicus gladius, of high prooffe to defend, and of sharpe edge to offend) why the Senators choose not out legions of Ladies, that with little cost and great assurance, they may make conquest of the world: but perhaps all Souldiers be not of your temper, for they vse their weapons, and you your lookes.

No Madame, quoth Lentulus, that is not the cause, for were it not that every woman would bee a Captaine and
Arise

Tullies Loue.

strive for supremacy, they had resolved upon this long ago, but fearing a mutiny amongst themselves for superiority, since every one at home will be counted most wise, and most beautifull, though their wits be meane, and fauours lesse, the Senate are glad to foresee such an inconvenience. The Ladies hearing how cunningly Lentulus had gald Madam Flavia on her right side, began all to smile, and shee after a blush for very anger, beganne to laugh. Lentulus, glad that he had giuen her a sop of the same sauce, and paid her her debt in her owne coyne: Calling to his boy to fetch him a Lute, willing to shew his spirits hee was not ignorant in Musicke, said, hee would proue the force of beautie by a Sonnet, which hee heard was made by Orpheus when hee fell first into loue with Euridice: tuning therefore his Lute to his voyce, he sang this Dittie.

Mars in a fury against loues brightest Queene,
Put on his helme, and tooke him to his lance:
On *Erechyus* mount was *Manonys* scene,
And there his Ensignes did the god aduance;
And by heauens greatest gates he stoutly swore,
Venus should dye, for she had wrong'd him sore.

Cupid heard this, and he began to cry,
And wisht his mothers absence for a while:
Peace soole, quoth *Venus*, is it I must dye?
Must it be *Mars*? with that she coyn'd a smile:
She trimm'd her tresses, and did curle her haire,
And made her face with beautie passing faire.

A fanne of siluer feathers in her hand,
And in a Coach of Ebony she went:
She past the place where furious *Mars* did stand,
And out her looks a louely smile she sent.
Then from her browes lept out so sharpe a frowne,
That *Mars* for feare, threw all his armour downe.

Tullies Loue.

He vow'd repentance for his rash misdeed,
Blaming his choler that had caus'd his woe:
Venus grew gracious, and with him agreed,
But charg'd him not to threaten beautie so:
For womens lookes are such inchanting charmes,
As can subdue the greatest gods in armes.

Lentulus, having sung this Dittie, Terentia willing a little to shew her wit, began thus: I remeber, Lord Lentulus, I haue heard my father say, that Souldiers were wont to carry fauours in their helmes, not fancies in their heart: and made choise of their Mistris to incourage their thoughts, not to inchant their affections. But I see, the ancient honour of the Romanes is slipt from prowesse to passions, and the men couet to be counted rather amorous womers, then hardy warriours: gazing Mars in the face with bright Armour, but offering Orizons to Venus in secret conceits. This did not Quintus Lentulus Cincinnatus, who set it downe as Crimen capitale to speake of loue in the army. For Scipio Affricanus the great, who made Lawes that no women should be brought prisoners within the Campe, lest loue entring pell mell with warre, might hazard the hauintesse of their honours. And yet Adam, quoth Lentulus, Cincinnatus had a wife, & Scipio was married. But, quoth she, it was in their age, rather chosen for succors, then amorous passions: their youth was wholly spent in wars as enemies to loues, counting fancy as a dishonour to their martiall dignities: rightly, indeed with a deepe insight entring into the enormities that grew from following too precisely the court of Venus. For beloeue me (Gentleman) Poets and Painters erre much that ascribe a deity to Cupid, & were worthy to beare some grieuous punishment for such a new inuented Versie, which I shall approue with a Sonnet that one of Diancs Nymphes made, when Iupiter had faulted with Calisto. And so Terentia taking the Lute in her hand, began to warble this roundelay.

Tullies Loue.

Fond faining Poets makes of loue a god,
And leaue the Lawrell for the mirtle boughes:
When *Cupid* is a childe not past the rod,
And faire *Diana*, *Daphnis* most allowes.
Ile weare the Bayes; and call the wagge a boy,
And thinke of loue but as a foolish toy.

Some giue him bow and quiuer at his backe,
Some make him blind, to ayme without aduice:
When naked wretch such feathred bolts he lackes,
And fight he hath, but cannot wrong the wife.
For vse but labours, weapons for defence,
And *Cupid* like a coward flyeth thence.

He is god in Court, but cottage eals him childe,
And *Vestaes* Virgins with their holy fires
Doe cleanse the thoughts that fancie hath defilde,
And burne the Palace of his fond desires.
With chaste disdain, they scorne the foolish god;
And proue him but a boy not past the rod.

Terentia hauing ended her roundelay, as Lentulus was readie to reply, Flaminius came into the Garden with the rest of the Senators, whose graue presence brake off their amorous prattle. So that he leauing the Ladies, taking his leaue friendly of the all, but especially with a pittifull glistening looke of Terentia, as crauing some fauour for his farewell, he went to the Senators, amongst whom he discoursed long of the manner & custome of the Parthians, of their resolution in wars, & of such serious matters concerning martiall discipline. Passing thus away part of the afternoon, the company at last taking their leaues, yeelding great thanks to Flaminius for their good cheere, they parted to their seuerall Mansions. Lentulus, slipping from the rest of the Company, with a gracious courage tooke his adue of Terentia and the other of the Ladies, vowing to be theirs euer in any due honorable service: and so grasping Terentia by the hand, went home with Titus Annius Milo: where

Tullies Loue.

hee found Marcus Tullius Cicero, then a youth in Rome, about the age of twenty yeeres, and very pꝛiuate and familiar with Milo. The fame of this Tullies surpassing Eloquence was so bzuted abzoad in Rome, as they counted him the mytꝛoz of that time; and as in Greece they wondꝛed at Demosthenes foꝛ his Oꝛations, and the popular people sed their eies with his sight, so as Tully pass thꝛough the streets they cryed out, Hic est ille Cicero, saying, that as Orpheus with his Musicke made the stones and trees pꝛiant to his melody, so Tully tyed the peoples eares to his tongue by his eloquence: And that Plato, who foꝛ his Philosophicall sentences was called diuine, in whole lips Was reſſed, as pꝛesaging his future excellencie, was inferior to Tully in his muscally concoꝛd of his pꝛase. Lentulus noting his perfections, although his Parentage was base, yet thinking his eloquence might be pꝛofitable to his loues, grew to be very familiar with Tully, insomuch, that of vnacquainted Citizens, they grew to bee deare and pꝛiuate friends, that their thoughts were vnited with a sure league of amitie, & their hearts were receptacles foꝛ their mutuall passions, so that their most secret affaires were frankly participated without any doubting suspicion. But leauing their familiaritie, conuersing in Miloes house: Let vs, Gentlemen, se how Terentia bzokt his departure. Cornelius Nepos foꝛgets it in Tullies lſe, but if you will beleue me, it was thus.

So sooner were the Senatours and Lentulus departed from Flaminius house, but Flavia and the rest of the Ladies tooke leaue of Terencia, who being solitary by her selfe, sitting alone in an arbour of Roses, began to ruminate on the Idza of Lentulus perfection, and to call to minde his ſenerall and ſingular qualities, his parentage, his person, honours & his great possessions, but all in vaine. Loues poyson was pꝛeuented with an Antidote, and her thoughts sealed by with an inuincible chastitie. Foꝛ after shee had long ſate, at last with a smile she burst foꝛth into these termes.

If Venus could not inſale moze diſmall aspects in other Ladies thoughts, then into my minde, they ſhould neyther hold her as a Goddess, noꝛ honour her temples with pꝛesents:

Tullies Loue.

sents: Fond are those women that are inquisitive after Astrologers, whether Venus bee retrograde, or combust in their natinities. Had they but tasted the sweete savours of Vestas incense, they would abandon her as a Planet carelesse in their natinities, & not trouble the Augures or Aruspices to censure of their satall orfortunate fancies. For had they but insight into the sweet life of Virgins, how secure they live, if they live vertuous, they would neuer intangle themselves with the inconstant snares of fancie. Vesta allows vs free thoughts, Venus disquiet passions: at her Altars we haue sweete sleepes, in the others Palace broken slumbers. Diana counternailes our labors with mythe and quiet: in Cypres wee find toyle mingled with care and sorowes. Being Virgins, we haue libertie, married, we tie our selues to the variable disposition of a husband, who, be he neuer so excellent in perfection, or exquisit in proportion, wee shall finde sufficient whereof to gather dislike. When Terencia, let Lentulus passe with his honours hee hath subdued. What though Alexander wonne the whole World: his glories are but fortunnes favours. Account him then as thou promisedst, thy fathers friend and thine as farre as he treates not of wedding: and with this vpon a sodaine shee start vp, and went to passe away the time amongst companie, holding Cupids Dettie at disdain, and accounting of loue, as the Samnites did of gold, which they sent as presents to their enemies, but banisht from their owne Common-wealth. But Flavia, poore Lady, was not pierced with so easie a passion, for shee having more deeply imprinted in her thoughts, his honours and vertnes, and measuring the man by the height of his fortunes, fell into these bitter complaints.

With what little proportion doth iniurious loue bestow his favours: With how small regard doth blind fortune polwe out her treasures: making in all their actions, contrarieties, that so they may triumph in inconstancie: loue hath brought Lentulus from the warres to Rome, onely to see Terencia: Fortune hath brought Flavia to the house of Flaminius onely to loue Lentulus: He little regardeth him, he lightly

Tullies Loue.

lightly respecting me. Thus hath the contrariety of Love and Fortune made Lentrulus unhappy, & mee without hope. Ah, but Terentia, though she same to say, at the first, will be more courtious at the last, when she hath had but a monthes meditation on the excellency of Lentrulus. When oh, then sigh Flavia, and say, Oh, then wil Terentia not reiect so honozable a personage, when shee considers his youth, his beantie, his parentage, his dignities. Lentrulus no sooner shall woo, but she shall be wonne. This is the coniecture of her hap, and the despaire of my hope. And yet it may bee that the destinies haue appointed their disagree. For starres are sticklers in loue, & fates are principall sauters of wedlocke. If my prayers may serue to Venus: if my incense to Cupid: if my bowes to Lucia: if my sute to loue, let their lone perissh in the bud, and wither in the blossome. Had I Medeas magick, the drugs of Calipso, the inchantments of Circes, the skill of Hecate, all these should bee employed to breakt the loue of Terentia and Lentrulus. Fond Flavia, to be so franticke in thy passions: suppose, Terentia hated Lentrulus, can this conclude, he will love thee? No, his thoughts are settled, his rest is set downe, his bowes made, his fancie fixed, and all vpon that beautifull Terentia: I, there Flavia, that is the word that galleth, to the beautifull Terentia: for of such surpassing beauty is the lady, that as Cynthia brooks no compare with her glorious brother: so thou must not enter comparison with the daughter of that Senatoz Flaminius. But what is this to Lentrulus? if shee bee faire, yea as faire as euer was Sulpitia: if she be as coy, and disdainful as Celia, had he not better loue homely Flavia, who will counteruaile with lone, what she wants in beauty: & propozition out in dutie, what shee defects in dignitie? But what of this: lone admits no exceptions, he cannot mislike ought in Terentia. Doe not present examples, yea, instances recuted in Rome auer so much? is not Anthonio enamoured of the black Egyptian Cleopatra? doth not Cesar enuy him in his loues, & conets to be coztinall of his fancies? affection is oft blind & deameth not rightly. The blackest Ebony is brighter then the whitest Snow: & Venus thought Vulcan at the first
a pro-

Tullies Loue.

a proper stripling. Where Terentia neuer so coy, Lentulus wil count her disdain but chastity: yet Flauia pray then she may liue in this dislike, then hast thou yet some cause to hope, otherwise weepe thy fill, despaire, and then dy; for sweeter is death, then to liue and see Lentulus enioy the loue of Terentia. Hauiug at this period breathed a while, ready to go forward in passions, one of her waiting women came in, who breaking off her complaints past away the rest of the day in prattle. Leauing her therefore & her maide at chat, againe to Lentulus, who tooke such inward grieve at this new conceited loue, that his colour began to waxe pale, and to discouer passions, his sighes many and often to bewray his sorrowes, his suddaine starts in his sleepes, and his musings surcharged with melancholy. These noted by Tully, his priuate friend, made him coniecture that somewhat was amisse with Lentulus. Hauiug therefore fit opportunity, he began to sift him in this manner.

The ancient Grecians (sweet Lentulus) that set downe principles of friendship, account the secret conuersing of friends, and their mutuall participating, either of priuate sorrowes, or concealed pleasures, the principall end of such professed amity. Therefore did Theseus choose Perithous, Orestes, Pylades; & to that end, or else you wrong me, serues Tully to his Lentulus. If then it be requisite in friendship to abandon suspicious secrecy, I cannot but take it unkindly, that Tully is not made partaker of Lentulus passions. For as the Carbuncle is not hid in the dark, nor the fire shut vp in strawe, so sorrowes cannot so coverily be concealed, but the countenance will portray out the cause by the effects. Thinke me not then so blind, but I can iudge of colors, nor so simple, but I can deeme of affections: what meane these farre fetcht sighs, broken sleepes, this new delight to be solitarie, but that Lentulus feeling a passion that pierceth to the quick, yet seeks to keepe it secret from his friend Tully? know this my good Lentulus that smooke depressed, stideth more deadly: That the Quen, the closer it is damd vp, the greater is the heat: and passions, the more priuate, the more prejudiciall. Stop not then the streame, least it over-

Tullies Loe.

Now. Conceals not sorowes, least they overcharge, and
 prooue like wounds, that kept long from the Chirurgian,
 grow to be incurable vicers: If it be a fathers sorrowe, an
 enemies wrong, a friends mishap, reueale it, and seeke reme-
 die. If Lentulus grieues haue left his honours in Parthia,
 feare not, Rome will haue moze warres, and Lentulus new
 dignities. If the Senators haue dealt ingratelully: *Solomon*
miseris socios habuisse doloris. The most famous Romans haue
 forerun thee in such hard fortunes. Scipio subdued Affrica,
 what his reward was, let our annals report. If Lentulus
 mislikes ought in Rome, let him abandon Rome, and Tully
 will banish himselfe from his country to goe with his friend
 Lentulus. If since thy comming into this store-house of na-
 tures prodigallitie, thine eye hath made suruey of any gorge-
 ous Damsell, and so (my Lentulus) be in loue, although
 wisdome wils to hide amors euen from amitie, and to tie
 fancie in the lowest Cell of the heart, yet reueale it to thy
 friend Tully, and if any way bee may ease his Lentulus pas-
 sions, he bowes to salue thy soze, though with the hazard of
 his owne safety. Lentulus hearing his friend leuell so neere
 the mark, gaue a great grone at the name of loue: and fetch-
 ing a deepe sigh said, *Aetna granis, Amor.* And with that,
 starting from the place where hee sat, taking Tully by the
 hand, began thus.

Where it (my Tully) that my passions had any hope of re-
 medie, or that my wound were such as might bee cured by
 counsell, long ere this had Lentulus powzed his plaints into
 the bosome of his friend Cicero: but my sorowes, as they
 are piercing, so I haue kept them priuate, as hoping for no
 ease, and yet delighting in my martyrdoms. The bird fly-
 eth the snare of the Fowler. No sooner doth the woodman
 bend his bow, but the Deere trips through the lawnes: eue-
 ry creature is taught by nature to feare his fall & yet wret-
 ched Lentulus hunteth after his owne mishap. So haue I
 described the furie of my passions, as I cannot but say, it is
 loue that is thus impatient. Loe (my Tully) that is such a
 Lord, as insinuating his power with fauor, he keeps posses-
 sion by force. Wars haue their ends, either honours or death,
 and

Tullies Loue.

and in battaile, proweſſe oft makes conſtraint of Fortune :
but in loue, Delay is the unhappy deathſman, that holding
thee vp, neither ſaues nor kills. ſince my coming to Rome
(my Tully) conſenting to conuerſe with beautiful Ladies as
beſore I had done with martiall ſouldiers, amongſt many
curious Pearles, I found out one orient Pargarite richer
then thoſe which Ceſar brought from the Weſterne ſhores
of Europe: ſo long I gazed at the beauty of this precious
Iem, that I found my ſelfe glad with ſuch affection as well
repeate I might, but recall I could not : and ſo thou ſhalt
ſay ſhe is loue worthy, heare how in deſcribing her excel-
lencie I haue plaid the Poet.

Lentinius deſcription of Terentia in Latine.

Q*Valis in aurora ſplendeſcit lumine Titan,
Talis in eximio corpore forma fuit :
Lumina ſeu ſpectes radiantia, ſine capillos,
Lux Ariadne tua, & lux tua Phœbe iacet.
Venuſtas fuit in verbis, ſpirabat odorem,
Muſica vox, nardus ſpiritus almus erat :
Rubea labra gena rubra, facieſq; decora,
In qua concertant lilius atq; roſa.
Luxuriant gemina formoſo in pectore mamma,
Circundant ninea candida colla comæ:
Denique talis erat diuina Terentia, quales
Quondam certantes, Iuno, Minerva, Venus.*

Thus in Engliſh.

B*Rightſome Apollo in his richeſt pompe,
Was not like to the trammels of her hayre:
Her eyes like Ariadnes ſparkling ſtarre ſ,
Shone from the Ebon Arches of her browes.
Her face was like the bluſhing of the Eaſt.
When Titan chargd the morning Sunne to riſe :
Her cheekes rich, ſtrew'd with roſes and with white,
Did ſtaine the glory of Anchifeſ loue.*

Tullies Love.

Her silver teates did ebbe and flow delight,
Her necke columnes of poliste Iuery,
Her breath was perfumes made of Violets,
And all this heauen was but Terentia.

NO sooner had Lentulus ended his wel written Poeme, and concluded his cunning with the name of his Epitresse, but Tully hearing Terentia was the Saint, at whose shrine Lentulus offered vp his deuotion, entring his *Exordium* with a smile he began to be thus pleasant.

And is there no fruit will serue your tast, but such as grow in the gardens of Hesperides? no; no coloz content your eye, but such as is stained by the fish Murex? Spill your senses be fed with nothing, but that is excellent, no; your loue hane no meane but to ayme at the sayrest? What, Terentia? the beauty of Rome? the pride of nature? the wealth of all the fauouring graces, whose excellencies are spred through the triple diuision of the world? I see (my Lentulus) soldiers haue eyes, and that how bluntly sooner brought vp in the warres, yet they are curious in the choises of their loues. Well, be it, Lentulus loues Terentia, an honour to set his fancy on her; but he kept his lone secret from Tully, a fault to be suspicious of his friend. But why grieues Lentulus? Is not his parentage greater then the house of Flaminius? Is not his honours sufficient to counteruails her beauties? Why then is he so impatient in so agreeable a passion? Lentulus vpon this discoursed vnto Tully, from point to point, the successe of his loues how hee gaue his charge ouer to Lepidus, onely that hee might haue a sight of Terentia, and then recounting what prattle had past betweene him and her after dinner, her coy answers, and firme resolution to remaine chaste, crauing counsell how hee might ease the disquiet of his thoughts. Tully pittyping the extreme passion of his friend, deuised sundry means how to make him Lord of his desires. But after the discourse of sundry plots, it was decreed, that Lentulus should write to Terentia. Lentulus despayning of his owne stile and methode required Tully, to write him
a let.

a letter passionate, and full of familiar eloquence, which at his request, Cicero contriued after this manner: where by the way (Gentlemen) I am to craue you to thinke, that Terentia kept the copie secret, so that neither it can be found amongst Lentulus loose papers, nor the familiar Epistles of Cicero. If the phrase differ from his other excellent forme of writing, imagine he sought to couer his stile, and in his pen rather to play the blunt souldier, then the curious Orator, neither vsing those *Verbarum Fulmina*, that Papirus objects, nor that sweet and muscalle cadence of words, which hee be- leeth to Atticus, but howsoever, or whatsoeuer, thus it was.

Lentulum Terentiae salutem.

QUod natura in venustatis & formae tuae Idae, formauit (suauissima Terentia) nullo modo silentio preterire possum. Ne cum nimis cantus amoris ignem celare conarer, incantus tanquam Aetna me ipsum consumens, in cineres redigar. Cum inter Parthos versarer, nihil nisi bellum & arma cogitans, à Roma usque formae tuae pulchritudo, morumque integritas à multis saepe nunciata est. Cuius rei fama ea incunditate aures permulsi, ut (Syrenum quasi cantu delectatus) arma abicere, & amorem cogitare coepim, meque totum in Terentia potestatem tradere non erubescerem. Diuina autem excellentia tua cogitatio, eos mihi pro tempore in bellicis negotijs addidit animos, ut breui donis illis & profligatis Parthis, totam hanc provinciam Lepido commiserim, quem unum tum honoris, tum fortuna mea participem feci. Parthisque relictis Remam me contuli, ut incundissimo fructu sum aspectus, in consuetudinis tuae frui liceat. Forma verò & pulchritudinis tua dignitas, tanta tamque excellens fuit, ut non modo famam, sed expectationem meam longè superauit. Vade exquisitam tuam perfectionem oculis contemplans, & singulares animi dotes auribus accipiens, excellentia tua Ideam in imo pectore collocaui, meque totum amoris, quasi constringendum tradidi. Cum igitur tua unius causa (suauissima Terentia) famam fortunaeque & arma proiecerim, virum amantiis officium fac praestas, & me non meritis, sed amore fac metiaris, ut iam ore tu mihi respondens ego in omni officio tibi satisficiam. Taceo genus & pa-

Tullius Loe.

rentes, quos tamen bonor ciues & Senatores fuisse constat; taceo triumphos, qui, quales fuerint Capitolium populusq; Romanus le-
cupletissimi sunt testes: de diuitijs non gloriatur, quas tamen medio-
cres esse constat, sed virtutis viui & amoris constantiam tibi propo-
no, quæ non parui faciendæ, nec ingrætitudinis compensanda sunt. Ad-
igitur fac redamas (mea Terensia) & pulchritudini comitatem
coniungens parentibus gaudio, amicis utilitati, & Lentulo volupta-
tati esse possis. Non desere, vi Orator, sed peramanter, vt Impera-
tor tibi scribo: quid si amicis fidem, Lentulo amorem tribuas, vt
parentibus gaudia; amori nostro consentire digneris: de patris vo-
luntate nihil est quod dubites: sed si alieno amore, non nostro dela-
cteris, dolores meos & angebo, & calabo, & quamcunq; in partem
te flexeris tibi tum vitam tranquillam, tum mortem gloriosam vt
fidelissimus amator exoptabo, Vale, plus oculis mihi dilecta Terē-
tia, & me tui desiderio iam penè languentem, aut ames enō, aut o-
deris semper, vale, & rescribe.

Lentulus to Terentia health.

I Cannot (swaet soueraigne of my thoughts, & chiefe mir-
roꝝ of our Romane excellency) smother that with silence
which nature hath figured in the portraiture of my looks;
vntill keeping the flame too secret, I should like Ætna con-
sume to cinders. When seated amongst the Parthians, ha-
uing nothing in my thoughts, but warres and stratagemes
thy beauty was repeated as speciall newes from Rome, a-
mongst the Legions, the melody seemed so pleasing to my
eares, as if the musicke of the Sphærens had enchanted my
senses. I ceased from warres to thinke of Loe, and from
loe to doate on the conceit of Terensia. The thoughts of
thy excellency doubled such courage in my attempts, that I
conquered the Parthians, yielding by my charge to Lepidus,
made him partaker of my honoꝝ, and fortunes, & came to
Rome, onely to see Terensia, whose sight was so beautilous,
and so farre beyond the report of fame, that mine eyes sur-
ueying exquisitely thy perfections, and mine eares censu-
ring of thy wit & vertues, both in league conspired to presēt
the Idæa of thy self to the contemplation of my heart, which
græ

Tullies Lowe.

grædily entertaining such rare beauties, hath ever since remained a poore distressed captiue. With then Terentia, thy Lentulus hath left his fortunes to follow fancy, and hath forsaken the wars to winne thy loues, holding thee moze déere then country honour: shew thy selfe a Romane Lady, that strining in mind to be matchlesse, thou maiest bee moze prodigall in fauours, then I worthy in deserts, and yeeld mee such méede for my loue, as Lentulus for his loyalty doth merite. I boast not of my parents, they are citizens, and of the Senate with thy Father. I speake not of mine honors, the Capitoll can witnes what shewts passed from the Romans as victors: what teares from the Parthians as banquished: both these passions growing from the fortunes of Lentulus. My reuenues are such as satisfie my desires. But all these are externall fauours, which though I rehearse, yet I brag not of. But the constancy of my loue, and the loyalty of my thoughts, these (Terentia) are gifts of the minde, deserving no light esteeme, much lesse to be requited with ingratitude. Consider then (sweet goddesse) the sinceritie of mine affections, weigh how Lentulus loues, and so ble him in loue, measure his fortunes by his fancies. As thou art beautifull; so ble iustice, giue every one his due: honors to the gods, reuerence to thy father, faith to thy friend, and loue to Lentulus: and if it please thee, to grace me with the title of thy husband Lentulus; for I couet to like honestly not to loue wantonly, I write (Terentia) as a souldier without eloquence, and as a loue, without flattery, if thou satisfie my loue with thy fauours, I doubt not to seale vp my content with thy fathers and friends agré. If either thou art tyed to former loues, or mislike of mine, I will close vp my sorowes with silence. Howsoeuer it shall please thee to returns answer: lue with content, and die with honour.

*Terentias new entertained souldier
Publius Cornelius Lentulus.*

If (Gentlemen) I haue not translated Lentulus letter *verbatim* word for word, let me, in mine owne excuse yald these reasons,

reasons, that neither the familiar phrase of the Romans, can excuse our harsh cadence of sentences, nor durst I attempt to wrest Tullies eloquence to my rude and barbarous English, fearing, either to wrong so worthy an Orator, in displacing, or rather disgracing his phrase: or in too far presuming: purchase your frowne, which I haue euer in all doubt sought to auoid. But howsoeuer my translation seemes wrested, I haue kept this. And so to Lentulus, who hearing Tully reade the Epistle, both conceited the method, and allowed of the manner: Onely carefull where to get a fit and conuenient messenger. Tully at last called to remembrance one Estrapelus, an especiall friend of his, who frequented the house of Flaminius: by him did Lentulus send the Letter, and lining in hope of a happy answer, hee left Tully in his study, and went to the Capitoll. Cicero no sooner was by himselfe, but calling to minde the description of Terentia set out with such excellency by Lentulus in his new learned poeetrie, and weighing how all Rome wondred at her beauties, began to seele certaine sparkes of loue kindled in his yong desires, which made him blush at his owne thoughts, and smile that fancie should lie lurking amongst his librarie, to take him at discouer. But as soone as hee remembered, that Lentulus was in loue with her, the faith to his friend, was a cooling card to his affections, and he quenched those sparkes at the first, least suffered, they may grow to a great flame: yet was he mainer his head forced to say thus much.

Hast thou lined fortunate, and fauoured in Rome? hath honour raised thee from a meane cottage, to be a companion to the sonnes of Senators? Doe the Consuls make thee for thy learning one of the Pretextati? and wilt thou for the hope of foolish beautie, waile all thy fauours and fortunes with disgrace? Nay rather Tully, it will bee honour to woo the daughter of so famous a Romane: but shame to thee, to take the repulse and be denied. Thinkest thou Terentia will looke so low? Will Eagles catch at Flies? Will the wonder of our time, the paragon of our age, allied to the noblest houses in Rome, make choice of so base and meane a person?

What

What hast thou to deserue her loue, any more then a little babling eloquence? Womens eares are not their touch-stones, but their eyes, they see and make choice, not heare and fancy. A diam of honor weighs downe a pound of wit, and better it is to court with wealthy reuenewes, then with sweet lines, or fine concht poems. Thou hast nothing left but a poore farme called Cumaniū, whose rents quilts not the charges of thy studies. But suppose thou couldest win Terentia, suffice she is loued by Lentulus, and therefore from this day, name her not in thy mouth, nor sweare her in thy thoughts, lest thou violate friendship, which thou oughtest to prize dearer then life. Thus Tully appeasing his passion went out of his studie, and willed Eutrapelus to deliuer the letter with secrecie: who being one of Tullies chiefe familiars, went with all speed to the house of Flaminius, where finding the Lady Terentia sitting with Flauia and Cornelia at worke, he being *homo facetus*, began merrily to commend their huswifery, and after some iests broken betwixt the gentlewomen and him, he craued to speake with Terentia, about certaine serious affaires that greatly imported her father: Wherupon she rising and going with Eutrapelus into her closet, he there deliuered vnto her Lentulus letter. Terentia abashed at the sight, blushed as halfe angry with Eutrapelus, that he made himselfe messenger of so baine a matter: yet considering it came from so honorable a personage as Lentulus, she vouchsafed it, and wisht Eutrapelus in the euening to come for an answer. She was no sooner departed, but Terentia vnripped the seales, and then read the contents which beeing contrarie to her resolution, shee determined to returne with a deniall. But for that shee would make her friends priuy to her new lous passions, she went smiling in, and shewed them the letter. Upon w^{ch} Lentulus plainesong they all began to deskant, Cornelia praising Terentias fortunes that was so entirely beloued of so honorable and braue a Gentleman; but Flauia hung the lip, and saying little, onely aske, what a loving answere she would write. I know not how to reply, quoth Terentia, hee hath written so eloquently, and so cunningly. But quoth Flauia,

I durst patrone my credit it was written by young Tully, that brave Orator: For I have read some of his Epistles, and tis both his Methode, and his very phrase. That Tully, quoth Terentia whom I have heard my Father and the Senators so highly commend for his wit, thinking him to exceed either Crassus or Hortensius? and with that sitting down, they began to enter into discourse of Tullies excellencies, concluding all, that hee was as singular amongst the Romans, as ever Demosthenes was amongst the Grecians. At last Terentia rememb'ring her selfe, took leave for a while of her two friends, and stealing into her closet, sitting to the standish, she was about to write; but calling to minde that discourse of Tullies perfections, letting fall her pen, she fell into a passion. Cupid waiting to spy this Weakness at advantage, seeing her halfe at discouert, unlocked a bolt, headed with Desire, and feathered with Concept, which piercing the tender breast of this young Damsell hee made her shrink at the blow, and so breath out this complaint.

Hast thou (Terentia) borne wond'ring at in Rome for despising love, & wilt thou now (doting girl) Rumble on desire shall fancie Eclipse all thy former glories, shall Vesta lose a virgin, and Venus win a wanton? Wilt thou resemble the buds of an Elder tree, which young, are sweet and wholesome, but blowed forth, are bitter and prejudiciall: thinke with thy selfe that Dianes shrubs are more pleasant then Cupids bowers, the one harbours chaste thoughts, the other amorous fancies. Truth, but Lucina is a goddess, love is divine, and marriage honourable. Cedars are faire, but in yielding no fruit, they purchase the lesse esteeme. To bee a virgin, is a glorious Title, but to live ever so, is to wrong nature in her favours: well, hast thou not then (Terentia) a Noble Gentleman of Rome, Lord Lentulus to be thy husband, a man whose youth is filled with honours, and whose spring time flourisheth with dignities? hath he not triumpht over the Parthians in conquest, and bound fortune to his temples with wreaths of victory? Is not his parentage one of the greatest families of Rome? Is he not so beautie like the faire Cyth's paramour? Is not his freedom like wife's Vayles, that

Tullies Loue.

that Cyrces could not inchant? For courage Hector, and of such reneneues as may maintain thee with the most gorgeous dames of Italy? But the chiefe of his graces, is hee not enamored of Terentia, & lues for her fauor? This I confesse *Sed deteriora sequor.* Loue, Ah that selfish passion which wee terme loue, allowes nothing excellent, but what it likes. It shadowed beggery in Crates; for Hypsycrata thought him rich, in that he was vertuous: deformity in Vulcan, for Venus would not beleene hee had a polt scote. Loue hath no lacke, and lesse reason: yet must I loue, & whom, Ah Tully, sweet Tully, from whose mouth flowes melody, moze, inchanting then the Syrens, on whose lippes the Muses make a new Parnassus, in whose thoughts rests Platoes diuine spirits, & in whose head is contained the subtilt wit of Aristotle. Is not he as glozious in Rome for his eloquence, as thou for thy beauties? Doe not the Senators wonder at his learning as at thy perfection? Why should not then both our singularity be stuck in the union of loue? why should not Terentia line to Tully, and Tully to Terentia? Ah but hee is base, the first of his kinne that tasted of honour. I but hee is vertuous, & famous for his eloquence, graces that counteruaile the meanes of his parents. I see loue hath reasons being out of reason still to argue against reason, therefore without further, *pro & contra* in mine owne passions, I will loue Tully, and therefore thus to Lentulus: with that taking by her pen, she wrote him this answere.

Terentia to Lentulus health.

When I read (Lord Lentulus) thy letters, and spred thy loues, I blusht at mine owne thoughts, and sorrowed at thy fortunes. I search not the cause of thy loue, for it sufficeth to mee thou doest loue, if it lay in mee cyther to grant thy desire, or satisfie thy passions: Thy reasons are sufficient to moue, were it not my vow, & my destinies direct my mind to contrary thy affections. Thy honors (Lentulus) knocks at the closet of my heart, thy victories lue for their

Tullies Loue.

Lords liberty, thy loyalty enters pell mell with my
 thoughts, and giveth a soze assault to my settled resolution;
 all these put in their pleas to purchase sate: for yong Len-
 tulus. But Vesta, hard hearted Vesta, that makes her vir-
 gins plyant to her owne properties, commands that I shut
 mine eares against such alluring Syrens, I count my selfe
 greatly honoured with the loue of so worthy a Roman, and
 euer will Terentia conet to proue as thankfull as her af-
 fectionate; onely in loue pardon me, for that either I neuer
 meane to loue, or if I doe loue, my thoughts were fixed be-
 fore Lentulus came from Parthia. Wlode not there where
 the sword hath nosoting, barke not with the Wolves of Syria
 against the Moon, looke not to climbe to Olympus, wey not
 at impossibilitie, but pacifie that with patience which thou
 canst not obtaine with being passionate. If thou sweetest to
 my father, and he grant to conclude a marriage, yet shalt
 thou want a bride: For I will first die before I violate my
 resolution. Seeks not then by my preiudice to ayne at thy
 own content, which be it euery way, yet it shall neuer be in
 my loue: not that I hate Lentulus, but that my fortunes for-
 bid mee to loue Lentulus. If thou thinkest these denials be
 but words of course, and perswadest thy selfe that women
 will be first coy, and then courteous, as y marble that drops
 of raine doe pierce: Shon shalt deeply deceiue thy selfe, and
 highly wrong me: but I challenge thy promise, that howso-
 euer I frustrate thy expectation thou wilt bury thy conceit
 in silence. In which hope grieved that thy showers came
 in Autumne, I wish quiet to thy thoughts, & an end to thy
 lours.

Thine euer, but in loue,

Terentia.

Terentia having thus ended her letter, and new begun
 her lours, the one directed to Lentulus, & other deuoted
 to Tully, she went straight to her two friends, Cornelia and
 Flavia, shewing them the contents of the letter. Cornelia
 said she was too seuer & stoicall, in sending such a peremp-
 torie

Tullies Loue.

tozie answere to so braue a gentleman. Flauia overcharged
 with ioy, prayled the resolution of Terentia, wishing that
 all maides were of her minde, misliking that which shee
 most loued, thinking by retreating Terentia from the chace
 to be mistresse of the game her selfe. Well, this letter at last
 was sealed and deliuered to Eutrapelus, who hying him fast
 to Tullies lodging, found Lentulus and him in secret, and se-
 rious discourse, and all God wot was about Terentia. Len-
 tulus hauing receiued the letter, entring with Tully into his
 study, read the contents. So sooner had he viewed, and re-
 viewed ouer her cruell determination, but in great eptasie
 of minde, he cryed out (*Dulcior est mors quam Amor.*) And
 with that flinging out of his study, he fell into bitter and ex-
 treme sorowes. Tully grieved at his friends hard fortune,
 sought with plausible perswasions to appeale his furious
 melancholy, wishing him whatsoener Terentia wrote, still
 to thinke her a woman, that would one while thrust out fa-
 cy with a finger, and straight entertaine loue as a friend:
 that eyther time or his constancy would make her stoope to
 the lure of his desires. Thus sought Tully to wrest him from
 his passions, but in vaine: so her resolution confirme with
 such effectuall & perswasive determinations, so quarded the
 conceit of his former hope, that going passing melancholie
 to his bed, he fell into an extreme feuer, which aggravated
 with the inward anguish of his mind, grew to be so dange-
 rous, that Asclapo the Physitian, excellent at that time for
 his faculty, iudged the disease to be mortall. The Senators
 hearing of Lentulus sicknesse, sorowed, as fearing Rome by
 his death should be depriued of such high ensuing hope: his
 friends flocked to his lodging to visite him; who noting the
 heate of the Ague, and the passions of his mind, his sodaine
 starts, his gasp looks, and his abrupt answeres, iudged the
 extremity of his sicknesse had halfe bzought him to a luma-
 cie, al seeking by counsell to cure that which neither counsel
 nor medicine could mitigate. Frustrate of their expectation
 they wished his weale, and returned with griefe. Onely
 Tully, whose settled friendship no misfortune could remoue,
 still day & night, as a second Esculapius, waited vpon this

Tullies Love.

perplexed patient. But as the depth of his passion pierced into the center of his heart, so the fever increased, that generally Rome began to sorrow, so bjaue a warronr should be cut off in the very prime of his fortunes: insomuch that the report of his sicknesse came to the eares of the three Ladies. Terentia made light account, as hauing her hart hardened with the loue of Cicero: but Flauia grew passing passionate as being toucht at the quicke, with the weake disposition of Lentulus, wishing hee might haue cure for his malady, so it were not by the meanes of Terentia: shee frequented the temples, offered orisons, made bowes, & burnt incense to γ Gods, that they would be saourable to her loue Lentulus, trusting (if possible it might be) with the preiudice of her selfe to haue profited him: but in vaine, Terentia was resolute, and he was resolu'd as she was dainely, so to dye in despair. Flauia if her modesty might haue permitted, would haue accompanied with other Ladies gone to his lodging, but the rights of Vesta forbidding such familiar conuersing she rather was constrained by force, then withheld by reason. But seeing she could by no means come to his sight, yet to manifest the sincerity of her loue, she sent him a letter to this effect.

Flauia, to Lentulus health.

If I could (Lord Lentulus) pourtray with outward actions, the secretie of my passions, or soze as many teares from mine eyes, as there lie sighes from my heart: The Anatomy of my thoughts would discover a disquiet mind, & the source of mine eyes a fountain of bitter laments. But seeing that barrells, the fuller they be, the lesse sound they pa'd: and where the current is deepest, there γ water is most still: & the mind surcharged with extremes, hath least utterance of griefe, I leave you to suppose of my sorrowes, which I cannot manifest. But knowe (Lord Lentulus) that when the report of your sickness came to the eares of your new entertained friends, Terentia sighed, as pittying with a common passion the ill of her countryman, but as one that might

might not relæue, being intercepted with other lones. Cor-
 nelia chid, as holding your selfe in highest esteeme, alleaging
 reasons to her that admitted no reason, but her owne lone,
 which is without reason. My selfe sorrowed, as wishing de-
 sert should haue his due, where the honoz of the man merits
 no lesse: we perswaded in vaine, & in seeking to bring Teren-
 tia to y^e bay, we indemonred to quench fire with strawes. Woe-
 ing then your thoughts leuel at a wrong marke, and that no
 rates can diuert her from her sroward conceipt: in carelesse
 extremes, vse patience, woele with lone, being wronged
 by lone: yeld not to the arrest of Cupids mace, but as hee is
 yong, so hold him a boy. Consider, as Terentia is faire, so she
 is cruell; and as she is full of fauour, so she is too vnkind.

Flie not with Apollo after Daphnis: Diana hath more
 Symphes as chaff, and yet not so coy: vse lone (my Lentu-
 lus) as children do puppies, which while they are pliant and
 gentle, they cherish by with crummes, but when they were
 churlish they beate away with strokes. Thinks Rome is the
 mistress of the world, and hath many faire dames, if not of
 such excellencie as Terentia, yet are they more courteous and
 no lesse vertuous. The curious Herbalists measure not the
 plants by their colours but by their properties: the Lapt-
 daries make esteems of their stones, not by the outward hne,
 but by their secret vertues. Use then the ancient custome of
 Esculapius, let Lillies wither on the stalk, and weare vio-
 lets in thy hand, the one faire and vnfauorie, the other black
 but of sweet verdure. Let these counsels (Lentulus) com-
 fort thee; apply them not as outward plaisters, but as in-
 ward potions: which if they profit, none shall be more glad
 than Flauia, who witheth (if she might in this hard extreme)
 to discouer the honour of her thoughts, and the resolution of
 a friend; if ought rests in me that may pleasure Lentulus,
 command it of Flauia, as one knowing Lentulus desires are
 wholly honourable. Thus praying thou maist haue ease in
 thy passions, through end of thy lones, I will offer sacrifice
 for thy health, as she that seares her owne preiudice, with-
 out thy reuerie.

Thine, *Flavia* of Rome.

Tullies Loue.

No sooner had Flauia ended her Letter, but she sealed it, and sent it away, and with as much speed as might bee, it was conueied to Lentulus, who reading the superscription, and perceiuing it came from a Woman, supposing it was sent from Terentia, started vp in his bed, and rent open the seales: when hee had read the Contents, and saw it came from Flauia, noting the extremitie of her loue by the plaine discouerie of her passions: he said to himselfe.

Unlust loue that settles thy thoughts in crossing with contraries. Some thou piercest with desire, other with disdain: infusing sundry effects in diuers affects; I couet Terentia, and she is cruell; Flauia fauours thee, and thou art tyed to others loues. What rests in these extremes, but to curse fancie, that maketh such a confused Chaos of her follies. Suppose then reason against affection, and admit not of loues conclusions, vnlesse they bee approoued principles. Thy thoughts are denoted to Terentia, and she onely vouchsafes thee the verdict of her eares. Thou art more honorable then she, of richer reuenewes then her dowry can satisfie, hauing as many deserts as she hath beauties: and yet coy dame as she is, she twits thee with Vesta, when God wote Venus is the goddess that beareth her Drilons. If thou hast this insight into her thoughts, why wrongest thou thy selfe with such carelesse passions? If she be so ramage let her die, and stroke for a puelle that may proue more gentle. Let her glory like Narcissus in her beauties: Loue can chastise if it be but with selfe loue. Woe no physicke Lentulus, but the consideration of this frowardnes. Let the drugs of Apollo serue for others, not for thee. Thrust out fancy by force, and setting Terentia at light esteeme, make choice of Flauia: though she bee not so beautifull, yet she is second to her ingraces, and far beyond her in curtesies. Woe not thy selfe Lentulus so strictly to a womans face, beauty is but times flower, that as it is delicate, so it soone withereth: Like the colozs that Phydias drew in his pictures, which shewing most glorious to the eye, was yet blemisht with every breath, Venus was faire and wanton: Helen the myracle of Greece, but aske Troy of her qualities. Ah but Terentia is as chaste, as she is beautifull.

So is Flauia too and far more louing. Her birth is of higher descent, her wealth more, her vertues no lesse: but her loue such as may challenge thy affections for debt. Ah but Lentulus, yet Terentia her excellency is more then can be shaken off with so sleight reasons: and with that he shooke doونه into his bed falling to his old complaints: yet did this Letter of Flauia somewhat comfort him, and he found it his best Physicke. But leaving him in his bed, againe to Terentia, who felt the disquiet of her mind as restless. For the Senators dayly repairing to her fathers house, had no other table talke but of the eloquence of Tully, some commending his wit, other his studie, some his vertues, but all his speciall gifts of nature, that they put Oyle into the flame, and with these praises so set on fire Terentias fancie, as nothing tumbled in her thoughts but the excellency of Cicero: being so impatient, as she sought by all meanes possible to come to his sight, and to feed her eye with that wherewith she had enchanted her eares, finding no ready way to attaine the end of her desires, untill loue, that like Mercury is full of shifts and subtilty, deuised this plot. Tully being bozne in a little Village adioyning vnto Rome, called Arpinatum, vsed often to make his intercourse betwene the towne and the Citie for his pleasure: Which Terentia hauing learned out, thought the fittest meanes to haue a sight of her Cicero. So that one day, to take the ayre, accompanied with her two friends, Flauia and Cornelia, hauing but a page to attend vpon them, she walked abroad in the fields. Passing thus in merry chat towards Arpinatum, hauing some glances at the sicknesse of Lentulus, they had not walked aboue a mile before Flauia spied Tully comming from Arpinatum to Rome. Assoone as she had descried him, and for certaintie knew that it was he: ponder quoth she comes that odde man of Rome, that excellent Orator Marcus Tullius Cicero, so highly renowned through all our prouinces for his eloquence: now shall wee heare from Lentulus, for they are the most familiar friends, and pinate companions in Rome. Terentia at this as one wakened out of a dreame, gaue a start, and casting vp her eye, espied the paramour of her thoughts, which done her

Tullies Loue.

into such an extasie, that surcharged with ouermuch loy she felt an vnacquainted trembling in her ioynts. Being thus perplexed, Tully drawing nie, and seeing Terentia accompanied with her friend Flauia, gaue thanks to oportunitie, that she had so highly fauoured his friend Lentulus, as that he might now pleade for his safety. Tully thus incountering those three Romane Damselfs after a courteous Salue which made Terentia blush, he began thus to boord them.

This place (sweet Romanes) so aptly agreeing to the persons, this valley resembling Ida, and Rome Troy, I cannot but bask with Paris at the sight of three such goddesses, whose deitie surpassed those the Shepheard iudicially surueied with his eye: humbly therfore saluting you as Dianacs darlings and beauties wonder. seeing so small a traine for such excellent personages, although my affaires be serious and of importance, yet please it you vouchsafe of my seruice, I will attend on your walks, and conduct you to Rome. Terentia feeding her eyes on the sweete of Tullies face, and swilling down the nectar of his diuine eloquence, staining her cheekes with such a dye, as did the faire Quene of Carthage courted by Aeneas, she made him this answere.

How you make compare (Cicero) of this valley, with the plaines of Troy, as little skild in Geography, or read in Homers Iliads, I leaue without reply. For the Goddesses that Paris incountred, wee are equall with them in number, though far inferiour to them in beauty: for your seruice we accept it, and for your wages, you shall haue gracious looks, and hartly thanks. Seeing therfore we are merrily minded, suppose your selfe to be the Shepheard, which of vs all shall be your Venus? Not you Adam, quoth Tully, above all the rest: and why so quoth Terentia? because quoth Tully, the least she hath his spleene, the small Ant her gall, no haire so little but hath his Maddow, and no man so meane but he hath his enuy. Why then (quoth Terentia) I will discard you from the office of Paris, as a man partiall. But I pray thee (Cicero) wherein should I offend thee, hauing neuer seene thee before? In this quoth he, that Lentulus hath seene you: with that she blusht, and Flauia and Cornelia fell into a great

Tullies Loue.

great laughter, that Tully had so roughly crost her ouer the thumbs. Tully prosecuting his purpose, went sozward thus: For knowe Adam, that Lentulus the richest Trophie that Fortune sets vp in the Theatre of honoz, made shipwacke of his liberty for the report of your beautie, leauing the warres, and the great hope of his fortunes, to haue a sight of Terentia: you unkind, not like Venus in curtesie, though in fauours, haue counterpoysed his fancie with musike, and for the hony of his amorous thoughts haue powzed him down heapes of bitter and displeasing gall. The cruelty of Cressida neuer amated so the hardy Troilus, as the frown of Terentia hath pierst Lentulus, making so deepe a wound, as no phisicke ca cure, only your swet selfe, whose resolutions are so farre from the properties of your face, as it seemes y Gods wronged nature in placing an adamant heart within a Chystrall couerture. The Ladies hearing Tully so sharpe, bit the lip, and Terentia griued; angry she could not be as one that was ouer the shewes in affection, but thus shee cut him off.

I cannot fudge (Cicero) by your sharpe and peremptory inuectiues, vpon so smal acquaintance, but you professe your selfe a Cinike. If your philosophie be such, I will bryke the blowes as well as Alexander, and thinke nothing ill that is spoken from Diogenes. Howsoeuer, or whatsoeuer Cinike, or Stoicke, I argue thus against Lentulus, that vowes made to Vesta, are to be holden inuiolated, and resolutions to liue a virgin are not to be broken with marriage. Cornelia & Flauia hearing them thus farre in by the eares, walked a little aside, and left Tully to schoule Terentia: who maintained her arguments thus: suppose (Tully) it were not chaste thoughts but new loues that forced me to this refusall: haue not trees their strings, and women their fancies & affections? If his Autumne showers comming too late, cause not his crops to pzone, whats that to me? Loue consisteth in vnity, the heart hath but one string, the heauen one Sonne, and the Iris one property, and women but one loue, and that I tell thee Tully, is placed on one that is as famous for his vertues, as Lentulus for his wealth and dignities. And what then shall

Tullies Loue.

I gine, as he rightly challenge? Tully although he conceived in his thoughts, that Terentia yielded great reason: yet hee would not giue over the chase so, but made this reply. Althut Adam, haue an insight into the depth of his affection, how he aims not at your treasures, hoping to be enriched by your great dowrie; for Lentulus is of the wealthiest family in Rome: but levels at your vertues, the Sprens against whom he could not vse Vlysses policy. If affection bee but a little pass, if loue hath but drawne one line in your thoughts with his pencil, wassle with fancie, blot out lones shadowes, & helpe Lentulus: who, if you remaine so ernell, shall be no more Lentulus. If he die for loue, how shall the streets swarme with statues of his constancy? If you bee knowne the chiefe Actor of the tragedy, how wil the people murmur of your cruelty? Weigh this Adam, I speake as a familiar of Lentulus, and no enemy of Terentias honoꝝ, If he be a Romane, that Terentia loues, let him eyther bee more honoꝝable, more valiant, more affable, more excellent euery way then Lentulus, nay more louing then the poore Gentleman, else discard him for a man insufficient to tast of Terentias beauty, as to be coyriual with Lentulus in his loue. Terentia had yielded at this fierce assault, had not loue layd an instance before her of her resolution. For the more Tully pleaded for his friend, the more was Terentia enamored, so that she made him this answer.

If I knew how to certifie Lentulus of this daies discourse, he should highly reward you for playing so well the Orator. But I maruell Cicero, that being young, and of such eloquence, we heare not of your lones: I feare you reach so hie, that you thinke no maide in Rome honourable enough for your paramoꝝ. Were I a man, and had Tullies grace, and his tongue, I would plead for my selfe, and vse one Word for my friend, and two for my selfe. So Adam (quoth hee) should men account me a faithlesse friend, and a flattering lover. But leauing these suppositions, Adam, how answer you my last reason? With loue (quoth she) and that is without reason for how might the Gentleman, to whom I kinde my selfe affectionate, thinke himselfe wronged, if without cause

Tullies Loue.

canſe I ſhould be inconstant. Grant I my loue to þe meaneſt
citizen, a Monarch ſhal not make conqueſt of my thoughts.
Suppoſe ſt it were your ſelfe, and that Terentia loved Tul-
lie, could you brok another to haue you in your affection?
I would madame (quoth Tully) it were no ſuppoſition. And
how then, quoth Terentia, if it were not? Then would I,
(quoth he) become Eſculapius to Lentulus, and ſweare his
diſeaſe ſhould not be incurable; ſo I would censure you by
the rites of loue, by the ſecret lawes of Venus, and by the
affections that were imprinted in your thoughts, to beſtow
what you would impart on me, to my onely ſoy L. Lentu-
lus. But women cannot make loue volantarie. Tully, Ma-
dame, what cannot women doe ſoꝛ loue? Any thing quoth
Terentia, but change loue. Therefore not concealing þe par-
ty that I loue, I will ſay and ſweare that Tully is my loue,
& ſo ſay to Lentulus. With this Terentia bluſht, and ſoꝛ very
griefe that Tully would not ſee into her thoughts, the teares
ſtood in her eyes: which Tully ſpying, it ſo prickt him to the
heart, that it neuer after was raced out. To ſmooth there-
foꝛe his rough methode with a few ſine ſled Phraſes, hee
ſalued the matter thus. It is (Madam) impoſſible to dꝛine
fire downeward, oꝛ to make heauy things to mount. Na-
ture will not be twonged, noꝛ loue dꝛawn out by constraint;
therefoꝛe I wil leane, any moꝛe at this time to ſue ſoꝛ Len-
tulus: hoping the conſideration of his Martyrdome, will at
length make batterꝝ in the bulwarke of your bycaſt: and
wheras you will ſweare Tully is your loue, you know (ma-
dam) we haue in our twelue tables a law againſt perinrie;
but if you vouch to grace me with þe title, in all duty I will
reſt your euer bounden ſeruant. Why then ſeruant quoth
ſhe, let vs to ponder two ladies, that ſoꝛ want of a compani-
on are faine to make an amorous knight of my page. Flavia
ſeing they were halfe agreed, ſcaring Tully by his eloquẽce
had perſwaded Terentia, wazed pale, and incountred them
thus. What newes, quoth ſhe, doth Lentrulus winne oꝛ
loſe? Neither Madam, quoth Tully, but his caſe hangs
ſtill in ſuſpence; the next court day I will end my Dꝛation,
and then the Iudge ſhall giue verdict.

Tullies Lone.

As they were ready to haue gone forward in some pleasant prattle, they espied a horseman making toward them with the greatest speed that might be. When he came within ken, Tully knew it to be Lentulus man, and before he had leasure to do his message, he demanded how his master did? Passing sicke sir, quoth he, & hath sent that you be with him presently. Tully who was toucht to the quicke with this newes, put foot in the stirrups and mounted, yet as one forgetting himselfe, he bled these words. Pardon Ladies, if I passe maners and promise in leaping by without leaue and returning in such post without your company. It is for Lentulus, whom you all loue, and therfore I hope to rest blamelesse. Now Adam Terentia what shall I say to Lentulus? No more, quoth she, then what I sayd to Tully; but how concludes Tully of his last premises? that, quoth hee, Terentia shall frame the argument, & so, with this darke Enigma, he took his leaue of the ladies: who after his departure sel in talke of his perfection. Terentia so deeply praysing the man, that her companions easily perceyued her lones, and smiled, that in forsaking a flower, she light vpon a weede. Well, tracing still among the Medowes, they chanced into a valley most curiously decked with Floraes delicacies, in which were such variety of flowers, y nature seemed there to haue planted the storehouse of her prodigality. Adioyning to this valley, was a pleasant riuer & a groue, that gaue grace to Cloris excellency: delighted with the situation of this place, as they passed along, they met a shepheard who doing reverence to the dames: Terentia demanded of this swaine, what the name of this pleasant place was. Adam, (quoth hee) wee shepheards call it the vale of Lone. And why so, quoth Cornelia? Although Adam quoth hee, my flocke hath no guide but my dogge, and now in the peaning time, the Wolues are very busie, yet, for that I see you are Senators daughters, and withall passing courteous, I will shew the reason, and with that leaning on his staffe, the Ladies sitting howne, began thus.

Tullies Loue.

The Shepherds tale.

Not many yeres since, here in Arpinatū dwelt a Shep-
herdesse called Phillis, so famous for her beauty, & the
Senatozs sonnes (which you call *Pretextati*) not only came
to feede their eyes with her fauours, but to satisfie their fan-
cies with her loues: insomuch, that she was courted of ma-
ny bzane Romane Gentlemen. But she that held loue at the
stafes end, although her parents had left her rich, yet to ba-
nish Cupid with laboz, she vouchsafed to be kēper of her owne
flocks, fearing the pride of her beauty (if shee should marry
with one of Rome) would proue an enemy to her humble
thoughts: Living as chaste as she was inrolled for a Vestall,
and quoted by Diana for one of her speciall followers, her ex-
cellencie was bzuitid through all Italy. But she, who feared
to gaze at starres, for stumbling at stones, laid her thoughts
low, and made choice of her company with country maides,
and homely shepherds: yet was her attire rich, as diuersa
that travelled this way, tooke her rather for a pīmph, the
follower of some goddess, then a maide, and daughter of a
poorest swaine. While thus she liued Lady of the field, there
was in the same village one Coridon; sonne to a simple shep-
heard, who was a mercenary man, kept sheepe for Vatinius
the Senatoz that hath a farme hard by. This Coridon was
a man of perfect perfection, his haire hung in tresses, & his
face was beautifull: wise he was, and wanted but wealth,
to make him the chiefe of all the Shepherds, being of equal
yeres almost with Phillis, some two yeres elder, he fell ex-
tremely in loue with Phillis. Enamored was poore Coridon,
and pensive, by his flocks late ruinating of his passions, hee
smothered his loue in silence, for that hee was the meanest of
theswaines, & the master of vs all. He sat & sighed, and had
none but eccho to pitie his plaints: his flocks left their fode
to see their masters sorrow: his pipe reast, the fowls were
no more partakers of his melodie, and all these thoughts
and cares for Phillis. She wily, and spying this wanton dal-
ly in the flame, looked narrowly into the perfection of the
man whom she found worthy of loue, if his Parents had
not bene too meane, and his wealth none at all; suppressing
this

Tullies Loe.

this loue with lack, and quenching the fire with the defects
the found in Coridon. But Cupid that could not brooke such
exceptions, pitying the passions of the poore Shepheard, pul-
led forth an innuomed bolt, and pierd Phillis so deepe, that
Coridon began to be master of her thoughts. Now hee
praised his beantie, his behaniour, his wit, his gestures, so
that nothing was amisse in Coridon. If he piped, Apollo
was not like her Pan; if hee sung, his voice without com-
pare; if he told tales, they were excellent; if he put forth rid-
dles, they were witty. Coridon was the shepheard that
Phillis did fancy, & no flocks might graze by hers, but those
of Coridon. This (Phillis) can loue doe, who though hee be
choicely honoured in Rome, yet he findes some idle time to
dally amongst the Shepheards. Well, at last Coridon spied
Phillis lokes, and got some hope of fauour: first hee courted
with his eyes, and after natures lawe fell to prattle with in-
terchange of glaunces, after from lokes to words: which
after their homely fashions were very faithfullly performed
with sighes and teares: such perswasions as Shepheards
vs. Long had they not twed, but Phillis was willing, and
hee was wonne, that after faith and troth, as sone as the
Shepheards could come together, a feast was made, wee
kept holiday, and they were married: and because the Lo-
uers made this place the Concealer of their passions, the
Shepheards, for perpetuall memory of Phillis and Coridon,
call this the vale of Loue, and in praise thereof, we Country
Shepheards made an Ode, which if it please you to stay, I
will rehearse. The Ladies passing willing, thus the Shep-
heard gaue report.

The Shepheards Ode.

Walking in a vally greene,
Spred with *Flora* Summers queene:
Where she heaping all her graces,
Niggard seem'd in other places.
Spring it was, and here did spring,
All that Nature forth can bring:

Tullies Lowe.

Groues of pleasant trees there grow,
Which fruit and shadow could bestow :
Thicke leaued boughes small birds couer,
Till sweet notes themselues discover :
Tunes for number seem'd confounded,
Whilst their mixture musike sounded:
Greeting well, yet not agreed,
That one the other should exceed :
A sweet streame here silent glides :
Whose cleere water no fish hides.
Slow it runnes, which well bewraid,
The pleasant shore the current staid :
In this streame a rocke was planted,
Where no art nor nature wanted.
Each thing so did other grace,
As all places may giue place :
Oaely this the place of pleasure,
Where is heaped natures treasure.
Here mine eyes with wonder staid,
Eyes amaz'd and minde afraid :
Rauisht with what was beheld,
From departing were withheld.
Musing then with sound aduice,
On this earthly paradise;
Sitting by the River side,
Louely *Phillis* was descride :
Gold her haire, bright her eyne,
Like to *Phæbus* in his shine :
White her brow, her face was faire,
Amber breath perfumde the aire.
Rose and Lilly both did seeke,
To shew their glories on her cheeke :
Loue did nestle in her lookes,
Bayting there his sharpest hookes.
Such a *Phillis* ne're was seene,
More beautifull then Loues Queene.
Doubt it was whose greater grace,
Phillis beaultie, or the place.

Tullies Lone.

Her coate was of scarlet red
All in pleates, a mantle spread,
Fring'd with gold: a wreath of bowes:
To checke the Sunne from her browes,
In her hand a shepheards hooke,
In her face *Dianas* looke.
Her sheepe grazed on the Plaines,
Shee had stolne from the Swaines:
Vnder a coole silent shade,
By the streames she garlands made.
Thus sate *Phyllis* all alone,
Mist' she was by *Coridon*,
Chiefest Swaine of all the rest,
Louely *Phyllis* lik't him best.
His face was like *Phaebus* Loue,
His necke white as *Venus* Doue:
A ruddy cheekie filled with smiles,
Such loue hath when he beguiles:
His lookes browne, his eyes were gray,
Like *Titan* in a Summer day.
A russet iacker, sleeves red,
A blue bonnet on his head,
A cloke of gray fenc'd the raine,
Thus tyred was this louely Swaine:
A shepheards hooke, his dogge tide,
Bag and bottle by his side:
Such was *Paris*, shepheards say,
When with *Oenone* he did play,
From his flocke strayed *Coridon*,
Spying *Phyllis* all alone:
By the streame he *Phyllis* spide,
Brauer then was *Floraes* pride:
Downe the valley gan he cracke,
Stole behind his true-loves backe:
The Sunne shone and shadow made,
Phyllis rose and was afraid,
When she saw her Loue there,
Smile she did, and left her feare.

Tullies Loue.

Cupid that disdain doth lothe,
With desire strake them both.
The Swaine did woo, shee was nice,
Following fashion, nayde him twice:
Much adoe he kist her then,
Maydens blush when they kisse men:
So did *Phyllis* at that stowre,
Her face was like the rose flowre,
Last they greed, for Loue would so,
Faith and troth they would no mo.
For shepheards euer held it sin,
To false the loue, they liued in.
The Swaine gaue a girdle red,
She set garlands on his head.
Gifts were giuen, they kisse againe,
Both did smile, for both wereaine.
Thus was loue 'mongst shepheards sold,
When fancie knew not what was gold:
They wooed, and vowed, and that they keepe,
And goe contented to their sheepe.

The end of the Shepheards Ode.

AS soone as the shepheard repeated his Ode, Terentia delighted with the description of the pastozall loue, soz that it touched her passions, gaue him heartie thanks, and so the swaine tooke his leaue and departed. Terentia, and the rest hereupon growing into the effects of Loue that keepe no proportion of persons, wandzed on, talking towards the groue. And soz that the Sunne grew hote, and was risen to the highest Zenith of the heauens, seeking soz shelter, they went into the groue, which was seated hard by the pleasant current: finding out there a place conuenient, these three Ladies sit them downe vpon the grasse, where delighted with the melody of the birds, and the coolenesse of the shade, they fell asleepe. Then liued in Rome, Vatinus the Senator, which was one of the most wealthy in possession of any that had beene Consul in the Citie, fauoured

every

Tullies Loue.

euery way by fortune, had hee not beene thwarted by one
gricuous & dolesfull misfortune. For this Vatinus amongst
many children had his eldest sonne, as first, in birth, so bzau-
est in proportion, of such exquisite lineaments, touching
the outward shape, as nature seemed to haue bin curious in
her workmanship: but otherwise he was so foolish, and of so
clownish capacitie, that there was no hope of his future ex-
cell: his name was after his father Vatinus. But for be-
cause, neither by the diligence of any master, nor the flatter-
ie of his friends, correction, or any other industrie, hee
could be made capable of learning, or civilitie, being fashio-
ons and words from a harsh and grosse voice, resembling
rather a brutt beast, then a reasonable creature, hee was in
derision called of enerie man, Fabius the Foole. Vatinus
griening that the Gods had offered him this wrong, for that
the presence of Fabius was the continuall course of his sor-
rowes, hee commanded that hee should goe to his Farme,
and there liue amongst his shepheards: This was no lit-
tle content to Fabius, as one that delighted more in the na-
ture of clownes, and bondslaues, then in the courtly beha-
uiour of Libertines, and Gentlemen. Fabius thus being in
the Country, applying himselfe to all principles of husban-
dry, one day amongst the rest, walked forth, with a great
bat on his neck, to oversee his Fathers pastures: at last, for
that the Sun was high and none hote, hee went into the
groue, then all ouer-clad with leaues, for it was far spring;
and seeing a place, wherein at pleasure to rest himselfe, hee
stumbled (by fortune) on the Fount where Terencia lay a-
sleep, who when Fabius espyed, being clad in a robe of Silke,
so thinne, as the whitenesse of her skin did appeare, hauing
her two companions by her side, hee began as one amazed
to behold. Leaning therefore on his great Bat, without
uttering any word, he stood in great admiration what shee
should be, as though hee had neuer sene so bzauie a creature
before. Now entering into his rusticall, and blunt under-
standing, (where neuer before could hee ingrauen any im-
pression of honest civilitie, a thought of fancie, which made
him confesse, in his grosse and martiall spirits, that this
maide

Tullies Love.

maide was the fairest thing that ever could be censured by sight. In this humour he beganne to descant of her severall beauties, praysing her haire to bee of gold, her forehead of Ivory, her lips Corall, and above all, her two cheeks which then began to appeare like prettie tender buds, in such simple sort so distinguishing of her favours, that from a grosse Clowne, hee became to bee a Judge of Beautie: especially conetring to see her eyes, which heaule slæpe had shut vp, determining often to haue waked her, to haue contented himselfe with their sights. But seeing her more faire then any creature that before he had seene, he thought her to bee some Goddesse. Having thus farre knowledge, that things divine should be reuerenced more then humane, and therefore durst not attempt to wake her, but (although she had a sound and long slæpe) tooke such pleasure in contemplating her perfections, that hee would by no delay depart. At last, after long space, Terentia awaked before any of the rest, and lifting vp her drowsie eyes, shee saw before her, Fabius leaning vpon his staffe, whereof being halfe amazed, shee asked of him: Fabius, what seekest thou here in this groue? Fabius, who as well by his countenance, as clemencie, and for the nobilitie of his house, as the riches of his Father, was generally knowne of all the Romanes, made no answer to Terentia: but seeing her eyes open, he began to looke stedfastly vpon them, feeling a pleasant content to issue from those Lampes which sparkle as the very flame of loue: insomuch that Terentia seeing him gaze so earnestly, fearing the sturdis clowne might offer her some violence, wakened vp her companions, and starting vp, said, Fabius, farewell. And although Terentia refused, as being surprisid with great feare of his rusticall disposition: yet he would not forsake her till he had brought her to her fathers house, where bluntly leaning the Lady, hee went home to his Fathers, saying, hee would not returne any more into the Countrey. Although it grieved his father to haue his sorrow continually before his eyes, yet wondering what the occasion of this strange motion should meane, hee was content to let him remaine at home in the citie. Loves arrowes thus piercing

Tullies Loue.

into the heart of Fabius, whereinto neuer before any ciuill thought could enter; made such a Metamorphosis of his minde, that not onely his father and friends, but all Rome began to wonder at his sudden alteration: for hee required to be apparelled as the Son of a Senator, which his father with all diligence performed: Then frequenting the most courteous and honest young Gentlemen of the Citie, especially such as were amorous: hee (to the great astonishing of all) not only learned his letters, but became very studious, and grew to haue deep insight into Philosophy, to be skilful in Musicke, to ride a Horse, and to be expert in all gentle and manlike activitie: to conclude, in short space, hee was one of the bravest young men in Rome.

Here by the way (courteous Ladies and braue gentlewomen) what shall I say of the transformation of Fabius? only in my opinion this: That the high vertues of the heauens infused into his noble breast, were imprisoned by enuious wrath of fortune within some narrow corner of his heart, whose hands went asunder by loue: as a Lord too mightie for fortune. Cupid the raiser vp of slepy thoughts dispersed those vertues into euery part of his mind, obscured before with the eclipse of base thoughts. But he then thinks of loue, as of the most purest passion that is inserted into the heart of man. Well, learning Fabius studious how to excell in all laudable vertues, againe to Tully, who arrived in post haste to the lodging of Lentulus, and found him passing sicke, yet somewhat comforted at the sight of Cicero, as of him that he held most deere in the world. Tully seeing him ill and full of passions, durst not tell him that hee had sene Terentia, lest her scowrd answer should augment his misery; concealing therefore his chat that that hee had with the Ladies, at last, Lentulus shewed him the letter of Flavia: whereupon they fell to discourse of her beauties and vertues, how shee was not much inferiour to Terentia in fauour, but farre beyond her in honors, discoursing so long from point to point, that after a while of broken sighes tempered with some tears, he fel asleep. Tully glad that he tooke a nap, stole softly out of the chamber, and being by himselfe, calling to minde the

the

Tullies Loue.

the words of Terentia, began to enter into combat wth himselfe.
So plaine are the aspects of the soze-appointing stars in
some mens natiuitie, as they soze fortune mangre her own
variable nature, to bee constant. Amongst all that haue bin
bozne in the poore village of Arpinum, thou maiest (Tully)
say, that thy Planets haue bin pleasing, and thy desires fa-
uourable, who the sonne of a poore Farmer, art in hope to
make thy house equall with the most in Rome. Measure
but thy honour, and iudge of thy fortunes: thy family base,
yet art thou a companion with Senators, and men of gra-
uelt account in the Citie. Honor treades on thy heele, and
dignitie danceth attendance at thy looke: but loue, Cicero,
that deitie, that diuine essence, that sealeth by content in all
estates, he scopeth at thy frowne, presents thee wreathes of
Mirtle, that thou maiest enter into Paphos without checke.
Terentia, the wonder of Rome, Patures Paragon, the re-
fined beautie of the heauens, wh^{ch} that seemeth to glance at
the Prætexta: she that makes no account of the miracle of
our time, Lord Lentulus: she, Cicero, commanded by loue,
yields her selfe captiue to the sonne of a poore countrey vil-
lager in Arpinum. Then Tully strew Venus temple with
Roses: say there is no fount but Alcidalion, no hill but Ereci-
nus, no bird but the Dove, no god but Cupid. Also not op-
portunitie; take her by the forehead, let not slip occasion, for
she glides away like a shadow: no; loue, for she hangs at
the heeles of Time. Now, Terentia hath put the yron in the
fire, strike then while it is hote; pay her downe pounds of
loue for drams of fancy: for, in matching with the daugh-
ter of a Senator, thinke, it presageth thou shalt bee a Sena-
tor; so shalt thou gaine, at one time, honor, dignitie, wealth,
and beauty: but with that, lose thy faith, Tully, thy faith thou
hast bowed to Lenculus, who shutteth by his secrets in thy
heart, and resteth his thoughts on thy bosome. Wilt thou
prefer honor before thy friend, or wealth before conscience?
Ah, Tully, if thou be the man that Rome wondreth at for thy
eloquence, be also y^e man they shall canonize for thy vertues.
Beauty is but a hauing blaze; wealth is but a fickle fanoy
of Fortune, dignitie is haunted by enuis: but friendship
that

Tullies Loue.

that is the precious treasure, that neither Time nor Fortune can violate. Why, but Terentia will neuer loue Lentulus: then Tully, hate thou euer Terentia. I am a man and subject vnto loue, as well as Lentulus: So art thou a man, and being false to thy friend, art vnto thy all loue. Abandon (Tully) these vaine imaginations, count Terentia soule, deformed, vicious, and what not: as long as one sparke of loue lieth raked by in the cinders of thy thoughts: & as long as Lentulus loues her, hate her for thy self, and loue her for Lentulus. Setting down his rest at this period, he went into the chamber, to see if Lentulus were awake, but finding him still fast asleepe, he went towards the Capitoll, where he met with Flaminius, the father of Terentia, who demanded very heartily how Lentulus did. Cicero with a deepe sigh said, Passing sicke. Whereof (quoth Flaminius) grows the disease? I heard Asclepius iudged his sickness to be mortal. Tully thinking to set all on the dice, not respecting his owne soule, but his faith to his friend, began thus: O Graue Senatour, I need not rehearse Lentulus birth, as being a citizen, nor his reuenues and possessions long knowne to every man, nor his honours ended in victories: for the Parthians are sufficient euidence of his well discharged dignities & valours. Lentulus graced in the prime of his youth with these fauours, hearing of the beauty of a Roman Lady, left the wars, and came to Rome, where courting his mistress, not with wanton poems, but with termes of marriage, he found her froward, & his loue dashed in the prime. The impression of her beauty graven with too deepe a character, was too fast rooted in his heart, to be thrust out with deniall: yet Lentulus to content her, plaies like the Phoenix, burnes in his owne perfumes, rather wishing to die, then to contrary her resolution. This is the cause that first brought Lentulus to his bed, and this (ere long) will bring him to his graue. And who may it be (quoth Flaminius,) of what family, of what beauty, of what degree, that can, or dare deny Lord Lentulus? Is he not mightie, and may command by force, what he cannot obtaine by intreaty? will not theouldiers at his beck rise in armes? feare not the consuls them-
selues

selues to wrong Lentulus? Doth not all Rome hang their thoughts at his looks: Ah miserable father that harbours such a daughter & stubborn huswife, that denies so brave a Romane. In friendship Tully, tell me who it is? Cicero willing to put a spur to a slow horse, and to lose his owne content to win his friends quiet told him flatly it was his daughter Terentia: and for proofe, he shewed him the letters that pass betwixt Lentulus and her. As soon as her father had read the contents, as a man halfe mad he fell into furious and frantick tearmes, exclaiming against the head strong humeur of foolish Terentia. After hee had breathed out the heate of his choller, hee fell to be somewhat appeased, and bade Tully home to supper, promising all should sort according unto Lentulus minde. With that, departing from the Capitoll, Tully and he went home to his house, where the Cooke being somewhat slacke, Flaminius hearing his daughter was all alone in a garden, he wished Tully to try her once againe, and to perswade her by all possible meanes to grant to the request of Lentulus. Upon this Tully went into the garden, where finding Terentia sitting solitarie in an Arboz by the hard eares in a dump, hee awakened her out of her muse thus. Vesta chiefe paragon, and Venus new entertained darling, you hadam Terentia I meane that sit in a Muse: are you offering orisons to Diana for your chastity, or thanks to Cupid for your loves: or what are you thinking on when you thinke on nothing? Terentia, turning her head and seeing Tully all alone, blusht more then Cynthia did when she wantond with her faire faced shepheard, yet welcoming her loue with a smile, she tooke him by the hand and made him this answer.

Your subtile salutation, concluding Vesta and Venus in one Dilemma, commands me answer, that I was doing my deuotion to both, offering prayers for my old thoughts, and thanks for my new loves: and scarce had I said, grace to the Goddess, but you must come (Cicero) to make my thanks prodigious: for my thinking, when I thought of nothing, it was of mens loves which are lighter then the flame, and sooner faded then a flash of lightning: but I pray

you say, what wind hath drinen you into this coast? *Marry* (*Madame*) the very sighs that sie from *Lentulus* brest grew to so great a storme, that I was blowne hither to seeke shelter for the tempest. You haue nothing (*quoth Terentia*) but *Lentulus* in your mouth: I pray you say, how fares the Gentleman? All *Madame* (*quoth Tully*) euery way, for his diet is bad, in that his stomack is naught; & his health is doubtful, in that his thoughts are disquiet: and (*Madame*) it rests in you to saue so honozable a gentleman, not onely from sicknesse, but from sorrow. *Aneas* was a straggling Troian, an erile perjured and banisht euen from the ruines of Troy, yet *Dido* the famous Carthage Quene made him her paramour. *Demophoon* a pirate, a robber in Greece, cast by by shipwrack on the shore, yet entertained by *Phillis*. *Phao* a ferriman, a slaue, yet fauoured by *Sapho*. *Lentulus*, the hope of the Romanes, moze beautifull then *Aneas*, moze couragious then *Demophoon*, & moze honozable then *Phao*, moze louing then them all, reiected by *Terentia*, his neighbour and famillar. Think not *Terentia* but loue as he hath *Roses*, so he hath *Pettles*, as he hath *Perfumes*, so hee hath *Wmlocke*, and holoing fauor he claspeth reuenge, as ready to pierce, as to pacifie. If you procure *Lentulus* death, *Cupid* hath power to enforce your despair, and to cause your loue to be as sickle to you, as you are froward to him. When (*Madame*) let mee be the messenger of life, and from your sweet selfe carry such conserues to *Lentulus*, as may recover his health, and increafe your honours. This discourse of *Tully* did but set *Terentias* heart on fire. For hearing the pleasant harmony of her *Cicero*, she liked of the musick as of the Syrens melody, and so intangled herselfe with many new conceived fancies, insomuch that forgetting whose daughter she was, she burst forth into these tearmes.

Did I not *Cicero* tell thee *twist Arpinatum* & Rome, that loue hath but one Cel, wherein to place the *Idza* of the party loued? wilt thou haue me like the *Camellion* to haue many colour, or like *Helena*, to entertaine many louers? I know *Lentulus* dignities are beyond my degree, that his honours are moze then my fortunes, that his loue is great, and so I hold

hold him & second in my most secret thought, though first he cannot be, & that he craves. Thou dost wing water out of the flint, fire out of the drie sands, and immodestly from her that hath ever bene honozed for chastitie: so that by wast-lesse perswasions for thy friend, I am sozt to say thou art the friend that Terentia hath chosen amongst all the worthy Romanes. Before I saw thee Tully, I loved thee, and now I have selled my affection, & thou wrongest me with discourtesie: but either cease from intreating for Lentulus, or looke to see me worse then Lentulus. And with this blushing at her owne ouermuch loue, she powzed soozth such abundance of teares, as well might bewray the sinceritie of her affections. Tully gréuing to see the goddess of his thoughts in this passion, answered her mildly thus. Blame me not (Terentia) if I plead for Lentulus, séing his sorow, and entering into mine owne promise. Then friendship, is no sweeter icwell, then how can I but labour ere I lese so rich a prize? But seeing Terentia hath bouchsafed of so meane a man as Tully, whose honours only hangs in his studies: lone being the strictest league of amity, and no such friendship, as is marriage: I vow by the Romane Gods, euer to be a dutifull servant unto Terentia: and with my loyaltie so to requite her fauours, as Rome shall more admire my affection, then they have wondzed at my eloquence: yet with this Prouiso (my sweet Terentia) that although I preferre thy fauours before mine owne life, yet if thou canst, strine to lone Lentulus; which if eyther the Gods loue, fortune or thy selfe can bying to passe, I will with mine owne prejudice, conquer mine owne thoughts, to satisfie the content of Lentulus. As Terentia was ready to reply, one of her fathers seruants came to request Cicero to come to supper, who taking his leave of Terentia, went to her father Flaminus, who sitting downe to supper, passed away the time in ordinarie talke. Their repast being taken, Flaminus calling Tully on the one side, demanded what his daughters answer was. Peremptozily (quoth Tully) still to hold Lentulus in dislike. Then you shall heare (quoth her Father) what I will say, and so report to Lentulus: So calling for

Terentia, they three being together, he began thus.

I know not how Terentia, to insinuate my *Exordiu*, whether friendly to perswade with a smile, or fatherly to admonish with a frowne, thy follies are so great, and my care so tender. Rome hath hitherto admired thy vertues, and I have prayed thy obedience: thou hast been counted honorable and chaste, wise to eschew wantonnesse, but neuer coy to be thought disdainfull: and shall now all these graces end in disgrace? When Terentia mayest thou repent hereafter, & I powre forth present sorowes. I speake thus, so that I heare in this City, what maketh me to griene, & may force thee to blush. They say Terentia is beautiful, & proud, witty & overweening, hauing coy disdain crept into the place of courteous desire: thus me say that enuy thy follies, & griene at Lentulus fortunes. Now daughter, thou seest the marke I ayme at, & maist iudge of my shot by the leuell: Lentulus is fallen into a feuer, which Asclapo that famous Whisition of Patras censures to be mortall. Thy stowardnesse was the efficient of the disease, & now thou deniest cure of the malady, & maddest girle, that neither weighest of thy own honors, nor his miseries. Lentulus requires Terentia in marriage: let vs make chpare of the parties, & so examine the cause of thy denial. He is descended from 6 Leuall & 6 Emili; two houses that euer haue bin the props of 6 Romane dignities; his honors are great, as 6 Porconsull in his youth against the Parthians: his fortunes mightily doubled with his conquests and victories; his revenues such as hee may with Crassus maintaine Legions. While Venus darling thou seekest to feed thine eye, his fauor is more then his, that pleased Cynthia. If thou coudest a Souldier. Lentulus in Rome, is as Hector was in Troy. If a Courtier, who braues it so in Italy? To conclude, if Terentia coust to loue, there is none so fit to loue within the Romane Empire as Lentulus. Whereas Terentia is but 6 daughter of a mean Senator, her dowrie cannot be much, so that her fathers wealth is not great. Beautiful she is, & so are many in Rome, who are of meaner parentage. Her glories are but fortunes pelfe that flourish in the morning, & fade before night. What she can moue

Teren-

Tullies Love,

Terentia to oppose her selfe against Lentulus, unless she fatally presageth her owne discredit, & ruine of her Fathers house? If then daughter I art child to Flaminius, I charge thee by the strict law of Nature, which Philosophers call *Regius amor*, a kingly love: if thou be a maid, by that holy fire of Vesta: if beautifull, by Venus deitie: if a Romane, by thy countrie loue & lones Lentulus: which if thou refuse to performe, thy father shall curse thee, Vesta shall shut thee from her temples, Venus from her sanctuaries, & thy country from enjoying the sweet content of honour, and then make thee outcast of all her Romane virgins. These are my reasons to alleage, then thy reasons able to contrarie: but omitting all, & saying hee is onely Lentulus: Daughter, what answer?

Terentia seeing her father in such a choller, and that hee was induced vnto it by Cicerones perswasions, in a fury began thus frantick. I deny not, but fathers challenge loue by nature, and obedience by duty, & both these Sir (I hope) I haue ever performed: if not, I rest sorrowfull, and crave pardon: but in loue parents haue no priuiledge: Nor the liking of the Father is no contract of the daughter. Venus conclusions grow not of parents promises, nor can affection be like the fire strooken forth of a flint: for loue is chosen by the eye, and confirmed by the heart; womens thoughts are not the spoiles of Mars, nor is the battell of fancie fought with the sword, but with the senses, & lones arrowes are appointed by fate and fortune. Weigh then Terentia, who hath not her lones in hand, but in her heart, and thereunto none can make breath, but such a one as the pleasing constellation of the Starres haue appointed. I doe not deny the excellency of Lentulus, as well in exterior shew of honours, wealth, dignities, and proportion, as in the interior vertues & perfection of the mind, and that he merits a Lady of farre more esteem then Terentia: but I know not what contrary aspect, epyther of the planets in our natiuities, or of lones in our thoughts, or of fortune in our resolution tolike hath crossed his desire, and my fancie: but of all the Romane Gentlemen, I cannot fancie my Lord Lentulus. Cressida confest Troylus was the better Knight, and yet the Greeke

held her lovely in his tent. With then affection grooves from desire, and desire is tyed to destroy, like not Sir to wyning water out of the pumpe, or to couple the Horse & the Elephant at one stall, to unite those lones that Venus in her synde house hath expresse countercheck. For to answer your obiection, Terentia cannot force her selfe to love Lentulus. Shee thus concluded with a few teares, her Father departing from her with a frowne, told Tully that no reason was sufficient to induce his daughter to be affectionate, & therefore that he wished Lentulus to appease his passions, & to salve such impossibilitie with patience: whereupon they, after change of salutations & common curtesies, parted with a friendly farewell. Tully at his home comming revealed vnto Lentulus the whole discourse, how Flaminius had searched into the depth of Terentias thoughts, both with plausible perswasions, and enforced reasons, and could find no other conclusion, but that shee could not love Lentulus. Although this netwes pierced the very center of his heart as mortally, as if hee had bene wounded with the sting of Aspes; yet chearing himselfe a little, he sate vp, and in his owne mind hauing about or two with fancie, hee gaue her so deepe a rente, that hee held affect at the swordes point. But Tully, who between friendship and love felt a furious combat, allured with the beauntious perfection of Terentia, & forbidden that fauour by the entyre amity hee had bowwed vnto Lentulus, entred into so deepe a melancholy, that not able to master his passions, he fell sick, and kept his bedde. Lentulus seeing his Tully thus distressed, grieved at his friends misfortune, cheered vp himselfe, that hee might somewhat comfort his Cicero, that newly was crossed with a distempered sickness. Hee sought by Physicke to search out the nature of the disease: but Asclapo could not deeme the cause by the effects: he sought by intreaties to wrest out the occasion of so sodaine a sorrow, but in vaine. Tully was too secret & silent to make any shew of his loves; though hee sought such secrecie with death. This grieved Lentulus, who seeing himselfe every day to amend, perceiued that Cicero dayly waxed worse and worse. Lingring thus in inward passions.

Teren-

Tullies Love,

Terentia that toke it discourteously at Tullies hand, that he should force her Father, to inforce her to loue Lentulus, seeing she had onely deuoted her selfe as his, how soeuer fortune should oppose her selfe: To ease her minde of some choller that boyled in her secret thoughts, she toke pen and inke, and wrote him a Letter to this effect.

*Terentia, to Marcus Tullius
Cicero, health.*

As my thoughts are secret and loues extreme, so is unkindnes bitter & the more vnease bozne. Thou playest (Tully) with me, as doe the Leopards with their keeper, that euer wrong them most, that giue them greatest stoke of fodder. Are these Venus lawes to pay honny with gall, to make rods of Petttles, for garlands of Roses: to hate them most, that loue most: the ingratitude of Tully hath drawne Terentia into this choler. And if I write sharply, blame mee not that am bled so shrewdly. Besore I euer saw thy face, I allowed thy fauour, and only hearing thy vertues with mine eare, I registred them by deeply in my heart. Terentia hath been courted of many, yet neuer made account of any: I saw by haue sought my loues, but they haue returned with losse. Lentulus the terrour of the Parthians, the honour of the Romans, & thy friend hath long wooed, but what hath he won: onely Tully hath obtained, that which so many haue mist, and yet hee deales with Terentia as crabbedly as shee bled him courteously. Doe louers for fishes proffer scorpions: or doe they like that serpent, King him that cherisheth him by in his bosome? I seeke to fauour Tully, and he importunate, sues for fauor for Lentulus. Art thou so deepe a philosopher, as to deem friendship aboue marriage, or faith aboue fancie, or thy Terentia lesse then thy Lentulus? if it bee so, take heed that Terentia too much wronged srownes not both thee and Lentulus. Womens thoughts consists oft in extremes, and they that loue most, if abused, hate most deadly: feare this, and beware of my frowne: as yet there is but one wrinkle in my brow; but if it once prooue full of angry furrowes,
it

it will be too late to take hold of occasion behind: Thou art
forwarned, be before armed, and so farewell:

Thy Terentia, if thou wrong
not Terentia.

After shee had written this Letter, she caused it to be
conueied by Eutrapilus to Tully, who reading the con-
tents, found not a saluo to cure his malady, but that Teren-
tia rubbed the scar afresh, by shaking him vp so sharply, yet
conecting rather to die with an honorable mind to Lentulus,
then with a discredit to enioy beautiful Terentia, he laid his
head on his pillow, & with many sighes betwix the depth
of his sorrowes. Having laid his letter at his beds head, o-
uercharged with many cares, poore Tully fell asleepe, and so
suddenly, that Lentulus, by the help of Eutrapilus got to haue
a sight of his letter. As soone as the Gentleman saw how deep-
ly Terentia was affected to his friend, and perceiued by the
circumstances, that he chose rather to die, then to falsifie his
faith, such a secret loue towards Tully so pierced the closet
of his honorable thoughts, that he fel to conceipt but meanes-
ly of Terentia; and to wish that his friend Cicero might both
reconuer his health, and his loue. How began that sancte of
Lentulus to freeze, that erst was so great a flame, and he that
like the Salamander delighted to liue in the fire, began to
feare to *accedere ad ignem*, lest he should *Calescere plus quam
satis*. How he called to mind the resolution of Terentia, tem-
pered with fortwardnesse; and with that hee did proportion
the vertues of Flauia, mixed with courtlesse, finding the fa-
mour of the one, answerable to the beauty of the other: then
the faith of his friend, his sicknesse and extreme sorrowes.
These weighed with deepe consideration, he bowed to seek
by all meanes how to win Terentia wholly for his friend
Cicero. In this humour hee conueied this letter vnder his
beds head, & rested silent till occasion might offer him opo-
tunitie to discover the perfection of his amity. Thus grew
Lentulus at one time from his sicknes and his loue, walking
abroad, and visiting Flaminius, who entertained him in
all

Tullies Loue.

all sumptuous manner. But Lentulus seeing the three Ladies, made no shew to Terentia, nor scarce glaunced a looke vpon her beauty, but onely courted the Lady Flauia, whom he found so agreeable and pliant to his suites, that Terentia and Cornelia might easily see how deeply they were linked in the league of affection. Leaning Tully thus scke on his bed, & Lentulus in sweet content with Flauia, againe to our new transformed Fabius, who in this time proued one of the bruest Gentlemen in Rome, and finding a restless passion in his minde for the beautie of Terentia, as hauing continually before his eyes the Idra of her person, seeing by her meanes hee was metamorphosed and brought to this perfection, making the force of his loue priuy to his Father Varius, he was not onely praised for his good choice, but willed to go forward in the obtaining of his affections. Wherevpon, not willing to make a long harvest of a little crop, to prevent (as he thought) that none should cut the grasse from vnder his feete, hee went to Terentias Father, and bluntly craved his daughter in marriage. He knowing him to be of honourable parentage, and of rich reuenowes, seeing shee would not condescend vnto Lentulus, gaue him his franke good will, if hee could creepe into his daughters fauor; who taking the aduantage of the time, went to finde out Terentia who as then was very melancholic, sitting with Flauia and Cornelia, talking of the sickness of Tully. As they were thus in that, came in Fabius, whom they straight knew, and wondered at his strange alteration: he, to shew he could as well court it as the bruest yong Gentleman in Rome, beganne thus courteously to salute the Ladies. Maruell not (Ladies) if a country swaine presume to attempt the presence of such rare excellencies, seeing Oenones sheheard darst with his eye suruey the beauty of diuine goddesses, & they to shew they were as gracious and full of fauours, gaue him the greatest minion that was counted the greatest paragon of the world. Earthly creatures you be, faire Romans, but heavenly faces, whose looks lighten diuine influence into the thoughts of such as dare to contemplate your perfections. I speake this as being the man, that from the cart liue in the court, thus
A me:

Tullies Loue.

metamorphosed by your supernaturall beauties. For which fauor I am come in duty, to rest a bounden votary to your sweet selues. Terentia was so pensiue for Tullies passions, that she would make no answer. But Cornelia, whom already Cupid had set on fire with Fabius feature, shee returned him this reply.

I remember Fabius, that sitting in the grove by Arpinatum, a gentle swaine much like your selfe in proportion, though not in properties, seeing we were slenderly guarded with a Page, conducted vs home to Rome with his friendly company: if it be your selfe, had we as brave a Lady as Helena was, and were she in our power to bestow, wee would make you master and sole possessor of her beauties, so to reward your courtesie. Fabius seeing y^e mark so faire, thought not to loose his shoote, but aimed his leuell thus.

And for that cause (Ladies) is Fabius come, that his mind may not want his merite, glad that Venus beflowes downe such fauours, and oportunitie such showers of good fortune to finde you all here in so fit a time. For know (honourable Romanes): that for my croesse and rude nature, hating the ciuill behaviour of the Citie, I was surnamed Fabius: in which obscure life I liued, hauing my senses eclipsed with folly, till the gods grudging at natures spite, sent you thre to be ministers of happines. For comming into the grove where you lay all asleepe, casting mine eye on the beauty of Terentia, such a deepe impression was figured in my minde, that I felt an vnacquainted motion, with a milde reuerence to think wel of her perfection: surueying her singular beauties, I fell so farre in loue with her excellencie, that from the country I came to the citie, and how since by her gracious sight I haue metamorphosed my selfe, your own eares, and the wonder of Rome is best able to witnesse. Then Ladies, I count the renewing of my life to come from the feature of Terentia, and that she not as Diana, changed me from a man to be a beast, but contrarie, full of fauour, hath reduced me from a sensuall beast, to a perfect resonable man. How deeply then I ought to be bowed to her, whose sight is the wellspring of my happines, let the greatnesse of my benefit make manifest

Tallies Loue.

manifest: insomuch, as feeding my thoughts with the contemplation of Terentias beauty, I haue been thus transposed, but withall, so surpris'd with her loue, that as I haue gained a second essence by her sweet selfe, so haue I lost my selfe within the Labyrinth of her looks, that I remaine her captiue while it pleaseth her to grant me liberty. Wee then (bzaue Roman dames) impartiall doomers of my fate, whether my deserts craue not loue, that thus haue bin changed for her loue, My parents are Senators, my reuenewes inferior to none: old Vatinius glad of my choyce, & Terentias father thrice happy, if his daughter might like of Vatinius. Now rests it onely in Terentias power to make me blessed or infortunate. At this discourse of Fabius, the Ladies were astonish'd, & Terentia galled to the quick, with this demand held her tongue, till Cornelia & Flauia looking earnestly vpon her, asked her what answer she made to Fabius. Such quoth she as I returned to Lentulus: for know sir, if epyther the honoz of a souldier, the dignity of a Roman, the reuenues of a Senators son, or the deepe impression of fancie might haue drawne Terentia to loue, I had bene ere this the wife & paramour of Lentulus. But not the courage of Hector that won Andromache, nor the wisdom of Vlissses that intangled Calipso, nor the beauty of Priamus son that drew Greece in arms to Troy: these perfections if combined in one man, should not moue Terentia to listen to the allurements of Venus: nor that I make light esteem of Lentulus, or that I hold small account of Fabius, as two chiefe myrrours of our Romane Gentlemen: but that epyther my bowes are resolu'd to Vesta, or if Cupid hath taken mee by the heele, it was before Lentulus came from Parthia, or you from Arpinacū: so that to conclude, howsoeuer it is I cannot become affectionate to Fabius. At this reply Fabius stood so amazed, as if he had bin an vnwelcome guest at the feast of Perseus; which Cornelia noting, deeply in loue with Fabius, she told him thus: For may you (Fabius) think much at this repulse, since Lentulus and you are in one predicament, now both become gainers in liberty, that haue bene losers in loue: and either get the willow garland, and so mourne for

Tullies Loue.

your Ladies frowne, or seeke a Spiſſis that may ſhew you more fauour : for as for Terentia ſhee hath choſen, and none muſt pleaſe her but *Oratoꝛs*. If there be (*Fabius*) but one ſun that is thought the beauty of heauen, yet there bee planets that though not in ſhine, yet in influence, are as vertuous. What: there bee Ladies (*I* meane) of ſuch coarſe dye as my ſelfe and *Flauia*, that when Terentia is once married looke for husbands. *Fabius* hearing *Cornelia* thus pleaſant, noted this quip, & none muſt pleaſe her but *Oratoꝛs*, which made Terentia bluſh for anger, and *Fabius* to make this anſwere : *I* know no *Oratoꝛs* in Rome quoth he, whole yeers are anſwerable to Terentias thoughts, but onely *Marcus Tullius Cicero*, & if it be he, *I* ſweare by the ſitch that gave him his ſurname, Terentia ſhall be Spiſſis of a goodly Cottage in *Arpinatum*. Terentia hearing *Fabius* to giue Tully the ſcumpe, answered thus.

The more his fortune, if it be he whole vertues hath made him maſter of his own deſires : for his lands in *Arpinatum*, as they be little, yet ſhall his lacke be couſteruailed with his loues : and if he hath not one to enrich him with dowry, yet *I* may perhaps content him with beauty. And therfore *Fabius*, to take away all ſuſpitions, it is Tully, and none but Tully that ſhall enioy Terentia. And quoth *Fabius* in great choler, no; Tully no; none beſides Tully, but *Fabius* ſhall enioy Terentia. Whereupon departing without taking his farewell, going in to her father, & diſcourſing vnto him, that Tully was the mā that his daughter had choſen for her husband, ſwearing that his ſword, ere it were long ſhould end their loues. Although *Flaminius* were grieved, yet he ſought to pacifie *Fabius*, but in vaine : for he ſlung out of the doores in a rage, and went to *Miloes* houſe to ſeeke Tully. Where breathing out many diſpitefull threats againſt the *Oratoꝛ*, it came at laſt to *Lentulus* eare. Who now to make manifeſt the deepe affection hee bare to Cicero, trouping himſelfe with a crue of the *Proſextati*, and chiefe *Romane* Gentlemen that had been ſouldiers, and trained by with him in the warres, he went to ſeeke out *Fabius*, and found him with certaine his companions about the *Capitol*. *Lentulus*

Tullies Lone.

culus not brooking the braue of any, as carrying the heart of a Conquerour, singled out Fabius, and after some wordes, they fell to blowes: But Fabius part were the weaker, so that many were wounded, and some slaine. Upon this, the next day, parts were taken, the people began to mutine, and to fall to intestine and ciuill iarres, that as in time of Sylla and Marius, so the streets were filled with armed Souldiers. The Senators seeing what bloudy stratagems would insue of this strife, if it were not pacified, sent for the Consuls, and charged them to raise some of the Legions, and bring Lentulus, Tully and Fabius the next day to the Senate house with Terentia, and her Father. They obeying their command, put this charge in execution, and so qualifying somewhat the fury of the people, brought these three towers with Terentia, before the whole state of Rome. Where being arrived. Tully fearefull of nature, and sick, yet somewhat strengthened with the sight of his Distresse, being glad, Lentulus was his friend in his loue, after due reuerence, began thus.

Tullies Oration to the Senate,

Conscript Fathers and graue Senators of Rome, I was borne in Arpinatum, of base parentage, the first of the Ciceroes that euer pleaded in Rostris, or bare title in the Citie. If th^e advanced by your fauors to these fortunes, I should aspire without proportion to climb beyond my degree, let me be the first and last, whose presumption shall grow to this preiudice. The Temple of Ianus in Rome hath her gates shut, the streets are full of armed men, the Stones of the Capitoll blasheth at the blood of Romanes shedde against her walles: and all this mutinie (cry mine aduersaries) growes from Tully. For that Tully was then out of his bed, but that men of poores families lifted vp to honour, are soonest bitten with enuy. I appeale (graue Senators) for my life to your owne censures if euer I haue not bene more careful to profite my Country, then desirous of preferment for my labors. But what then say the people is cause

of such bypyles? Terentia the daughter of Flaminius, the
 heebzand that set Troy to cinbers: Beauty is like to bring
 Rome to confusion: For the greatest houses and families
 are deuised, the Lenculi and Vatinij, and this for Terentia.
 Yet the cause bee examined before the Senators, & as they
 heare, so let them decree: Lentulus chose by the Senate, was
 sent Captaine ouer many Legions against the Parthians,
 where hee tyed fortune to his thoughts, by his great victo-
 ries and conquests, set vp Trophies of Romane chualrie.
 Returning with glory to Rome, hauing set in his place, Le-
 pidus, he was enamoured not onely of the beauty, but ver-
 tues of Terentia, the same of whose excellency was spzed a-
 mongst the Parthians. Coueting to match with so honorable
 a Lady, he courted her, but in vaine; not that shee disdained
 Lentulus, but that shee had fixed her fancy before shee saw
 Lentulus: & the platfome of loue is able to receiue but one
 impression. If honors, if conquest, if parentage, if reuenues,
 if cozage, if goods of fortune, body or mind might haue won
 Terentia, all this was vniited in young Lentulus. But lone
 that liketh without exceptions, had ouerhard her hart with
 such former fancies, as the passionate sute of Lentulus could
 haue no entrance. His thoughts were extreame, and the dis-
 quiet of his mind brought a disease to his body. But when
 he knew that Terentia loued his friend, he appeased his pas-
 sions, & rested content with his fortunes. The vnconstant
 goddesse, whose smiles are overshadowed with frownes,
 not content honor should spring vp without enuy, sends Te-
 rentia to walke abroad towards Arpinatum, where then
 Fabius liued, as famous for his rusticke and vnciuill life, as
 now he is wondered at for his bzane and courtly behauior:
 spying Terentia, he was as Lentulus snared in her beau-
 ty, that & Romans to report a miracle, sayd, lone made him
 of a clowne a bzane and resolute Gentleman. The excellen-
 cy of Terentia hauing new polished nature in Fabius, hee
 sues for her fauour, but her thoughts that were forepointed
 with other passions, intreates him to bzidle affection. and
 to make a conquest of himselfe, by seducing the force of fan-
 cy, seeing her resolution was directed to loue none but one,
 and

Tullies Love.

and that was Tully. This word (grate Senators and Romans) sounding basely in the eares of Fabius, caused him to take armes, and Lentulus to defend his friend Cicero, as for him before he had lost his love, so hee meant to loose his life, and withstood him in the face. Thus grew this mutinie not against beauty, for it is a chiefe good of it selfe, nor against Tully, for he is meane and unworthy to be revenged by armes, but against Terentia, because shee vouchsafed to love Tully. This (Romans) is the cause of this mutiny, to suppress which, let Tully die; for hee had rather pacifie this strife by death, then see the meanest Roman fall on the sword. The common people at this began to murmur, pleased with the plausible Oracion of Tully, which one of the Senators seeing, stood up and said thus: Terentia, Cicero hath shewed reasons why thou shouldst love Lentulus and Fabius, but what reason canst thou infer to love so meane a man as Tully? Terentia blushing made this answers: Before so honourable an audience, as these graue Senators, and worthy Romane Citizens, womens reasons would seeme no reasons, especially in love, which is without reason; therefore I onely yeeld this reason, I love Cicero, not able to ratifie my affection with any strong reason, because love is not circumscrip't within reasons limits: but if it please the Senate to pacifie the mutinie, let Terentia leaue to liue, because she cannot leaue to love, and onely to love Cicero. At this she wept, and stained her face with such a pleasing vermilion die, that the people shouted, None but Cicero. Whereupon before the Senate, Tully and Terentia were betrothed, Lentulus and Fabius made friends, and the one named Lentulus, as the Annales made mention, married to Flauia, and Fabius wedded to the worthy Cornelia.

FINIS.